

THE

MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER 1946

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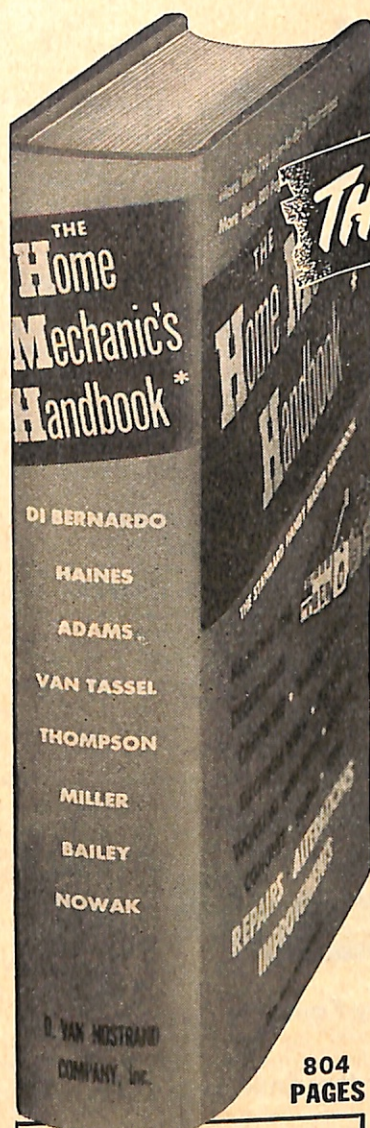
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Elks—Oct. 1946



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C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Inc.
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THE Elks MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER 1946

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IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

OUR cover for this month is for the light—not to say feeble-minded. However, we bet everyone has at one time or another been in an “amusement palace” and done much the same thing as Mr. Harry Kane’s protagonists.

That this is still a world of strife, of mental and moral, if not physical, conflict, everyone knows. Former Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts, one of the most eminent gentlemen in United States public affairs, brings this point strongly to the fore in his appeal to the world to settle its differences. In an article entitled “The Need of the Moment”, on page 4, the calm and considered words of Justice Roberts are not to be taken lightly.

Let us go from the sublime to the ridiculous, which is from Mr. Roberts to Mr. Fay. Billy Fay’s story, “Flat-bush Forever”, cannot be called sublime, but it has the old Hal Roach standby of a pie-in-face. You can’t beat that.

John Lardner, who is not unknown to readers of this sedate periodical, has expressed himself in a warning to the Army—“West Point, Watch Out!” on page 9. He voices a major heresy in looking sidewise at the Gold-Dust Twins, Davis and Blanchard. There is no gold-dust in them thar glances.

Major-General Harold N. Gilbert, USA, whose name is not unfamiliar to our Constant Readers, has come out in firm-footed military fashion with his views on another “Need of the Moment”. His recommendation is for a large and going peacetime army, and it is General Gilbert’s opinion that if anyone can sell the idea to the public it is the Order of Elks. The General’s plea is one which will be heard and read again and answered by the Elks.

We haven’t got much to recommend this month, but for what it is worth, you have “We Recommend” on pages 12 and 13. There appears to be a slack season in the theatre.

Al Frantz’s unlimited vacations are meeting with the season’s quieter note. If you can think of anything quieter than Mr. Frantz on Pennsylvania, don’t tell us.

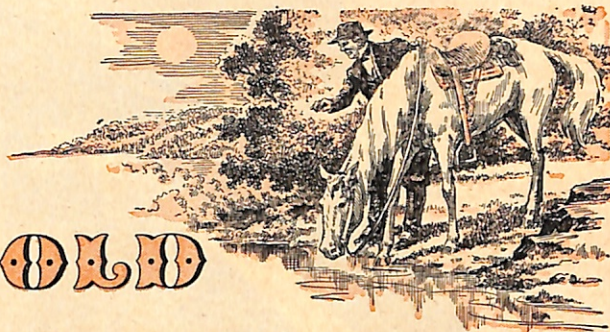
Our fraternal editor has gone berserk with 16 pages and two columns starting on page 19.

One of our serious notes, on which we pipe so rarely, is the list of the newly elected and appointed Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen. It is our hope that this list will become a tearsheet in many desks.

Our other departments yap their heads off as usual.

It might interest you to know that Hugh B. Cave’s article, “It’s Not Funny”, telling of a “shellback initiation”, published last month, has brought in more letters than any article we have published in many months—only one unfavorable letter so far.

C.P.



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**The former Supreme Court Justice
expresses his philosophy
concerning the peril in which the world stands.**

The **NEED** of the Moment

by Owen J. Roberts



IT IS no exaggeration to say that every man and woman in the world conscious of the death and devastation wrought by the recent war earnestly craves permanent peace. Every such man and woman has a fundamental moral right founded in his or her own human personality to be free of molestation on the part of an aggressor nation—free to pursue his or her own way of life in accordance with his own religious convictions, his own local traditions, and the social and economic framework in which he lives.

Men and women must realize that the urgency of the need to create a peaceful world has mightily increased in recent years as a result of the advancement in communications, which has well-nigh annihilated time and distance as factors of division and separation between the inhabitants of the world. The situation would have been sufficiently exigent had science not given us rocket bombs, robot airplanes, bacterial warfare, and the atomic bomb. These inventions have rendered the devising of a peaceful world not merely urgent but imperative.

If there is one lesson to be learned from history, it is that peace is the result of an ordered society and that an ordered society cannot exist without rules of conduct intended to promote the greatest good of the greatest number. These rules we are accustomed to call laws. How do such rules or laws originate? And how are they enforced against members of society who are tempted to disregard them?

Men who wrote at a time when the "divine right of kings" was still recognized as the basis of government defined law as a rule of action

imposed by superior authority. When the people of the United States repudiated the authority of the English Crown they asserted that all sovereignty resides in the people themselves. Our form of government is founded in the proposition that no king, no council, no autocratic man or body pronounces and enforces the laws. Our theory is that the majority of the people make laws in the interest of the whole social body through their chosen representatives. The majority is restrained from invasion of certain fundamental human rights by constitutional guaranties, collectively designated as a bill of rights.

Our representative form of democracy is necessitated in so large a social unit as the United States, since millions cannot assemble from time to time in town meeting to enact laws by their own votes. The device of electing representatives from the various communities to sit together in consultation and enact laws is a substitute for direct legislation by the people themselves. Consequently, in our nation we have operated for more than a century and a half under a system of representative government which comes as near to a true democracy as seems possible where a nation's population is great.

It would seem that there are but two sorts of government which guarantee order and peace in the community: First, the rule of an autocrat backed by his own army loyal only to him. He makes the rules and if his subjects disobey those rules he enforces them by military power which is at his sole disposal. If Hitler had succeeded in his projects, no doubt order and

(Continued on page 38)

THE stadium was bleak. A damp wind prowled the empty tiers. No flags stood stiff with breeze above the field. It was the middle of the week, and you would think that no one cared, which wasn't true.

Nick Casey, the poor man's All-America, cared mightily. He rushed his aging suet down the field. He leaped into the air and caught a pass. He felt young enough and vital enough to leap right over the goal posts. Of course, he was not old; he was only thirty-three, but he had been playing big-league football for a dozen years, and he had in his time consumed more beer than is needed to launch a canoe.

He walked back to the young man he had been instructing. "You get what I mean? You do it that way, Willy. You take off like a blue-eyed bird and they won't intercept the pass. All right, boys, a few more times—pop into it."

His boys they were, the Flatbush Fusileers. His very own. A bunch of bums—the misfits of the league, they had been called—but they were at painful last performing as a big-league ball club should.

A reporter from the Brooklyn *Sentinel* said, "They look good, Nick." The reporter was a little man named Charlie Peats. He wore a pork-pie

FLATBUSH FOREVER

By William Fay

Mr. Bigsby wouldn't know how to bet

a buck and he thought gambling

was a sin.

But he knew what the score was

Illustrated by DAVID BERGER



hat and an overcoat well buttoned. He kept his arms folded tight against the chill of the afternoon. The wind was mean.

"Why shouldn't they look good?" Nick wanted to know. "They are good."

And they were. Two months ago you could have bought the Flatbush Fusileers for less than the price of their bright silk pants. At the time Old Man Bigsby appointed Nick coach, they had been the doormat of the league. Now look at them, he thought to himself, and his pride was as big as the moon.

Stradowski, the ex-Fordham boy, for instance. Joe Stradowski was a wild horse kind of kid, whom the New York Titans had given the heave because of his great fun-making propensities. Joe, it was true, had been a non-conformist, but he was very young and not too shrewd, and in his college days had made a reputation and received acclaim which he had not at all times worn with grace. The Titans had hand-cuffed Joe with discipline, and while killing the pixie in the boy had killed the football in him, too.

"Look at him now," Nick said. "They didn't think he'd make a for-

ward-passer, eh? Why, he's got hands like an ape and an eye like a cat; he can hit a dime in mid-air."

Stradowski stepped back in the dummy-formation and heaved a pass at Willy Delaire. He threw the thing like a baseball and Delaire tucked it nicely away.

"And when Delaire was with the Titans," Nick said, "they tried to make him a guard. Listen, that kid was born to be an end."

"You don't like the Titans," said Charlie Peats, "or their management, either. Well, do you?"

"The Titans? Why, Charlie, I love them. That's how I put this team together—by developing the kids that George Doremus let go. Furthermore, we'll beat them Sunday in their own ball park, and Doremus can go jump up and down on one of those nine-dollar mule steaks he sells in his night club. Tell him I said so, too. Excuse me, Charlie."

Nick ran down the field again. He was a big man, with a rough and celebrated carcass that had been through all the football wars. He was known as the "poor man's All-America" because he had never gone to college; his alma mater, after high school, had been the Fields of Prospect Park. He had played with Green Bay and Chicago, Detroit, Washington, and finally, where he belonged, with the Flatbush Fusileers.

His playing days were over, he supposed. Except for his occasional entry into a game to kick a field goal with a wise and practiced toe, Nick was content these days to give his energies to the tutelage of others. His own prestige, he knew, with all due modesty, was safely tucked away in whatever immortality belongs to the record books.

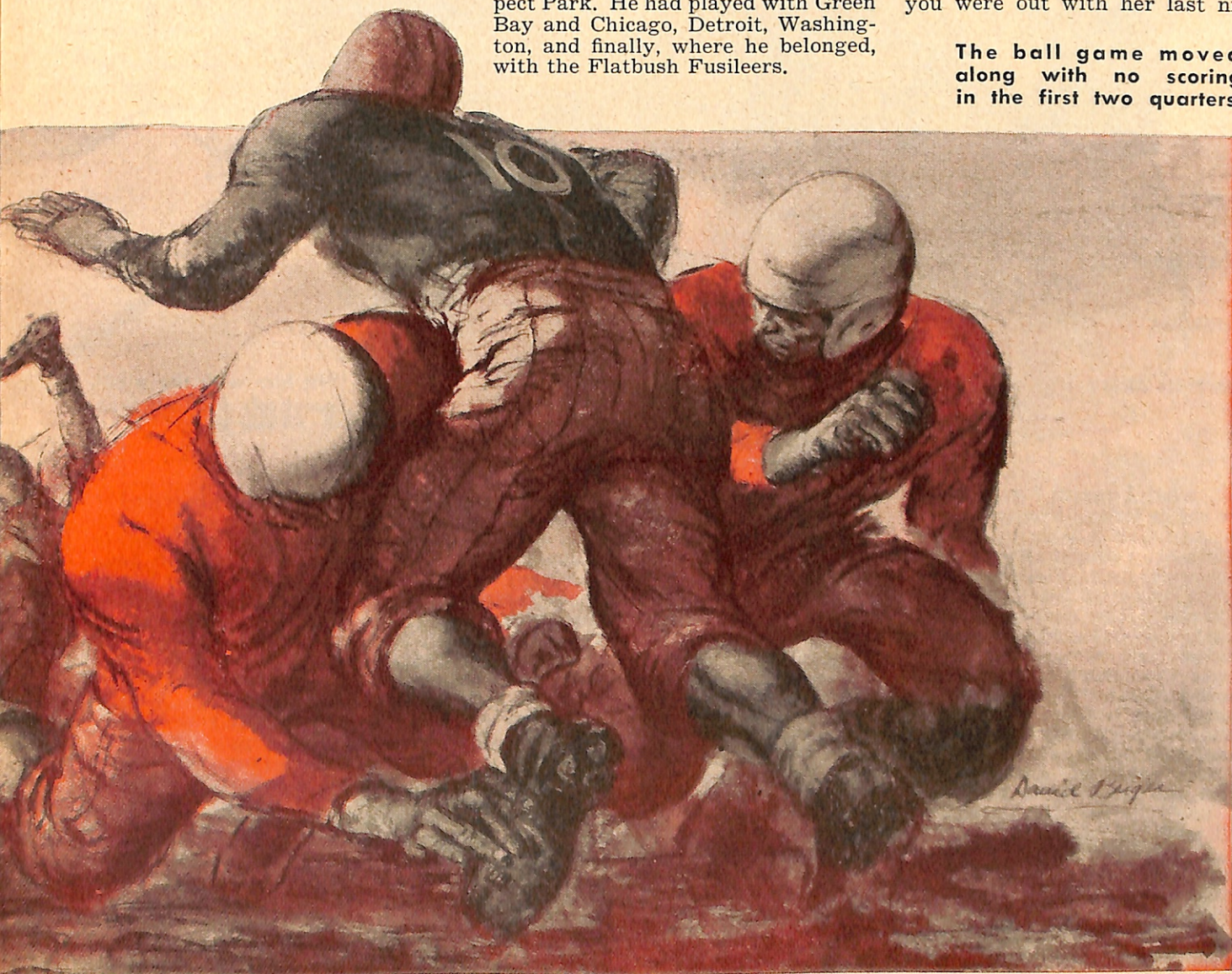
"All right, boys," he said. "That's enough for now."

He walked with Charlie Peats to the clubhouse. "For a guy who is supposed always to have been a clown and a beer-can," Charlie said, "you're giving this coaching business a heck of a whirl. I mean, you were always the fun-loving type, Nick—now, please, don't get me wrong—but you understand what I mean?"

"People who write for the newspapers," Nick said, "should be more articulate. Sure, I get what you mean, but we won't go into that today. How's that dame who works in your office?"

"Do you mean Laura, by any chance? Laura Rand?" And Nick said yes, he did mean Laura Rand. "Well, don't be so off-hand about it," Charlie said. "You, above all people, should certainly know how she is; you were out with her last night."

The ball game moved along with no scoring in the first two quarters.





**"Hit him with the pie!"
somebody said. It was
too much.**

"Well, what I meant," said Nick, "is how she is today. You see, I saw her last night an' I hope to see her again tonight. I want to know about the in-between time. You knew that Laura and I grew up together, didn't you, Charlie? The same neighborhood an' all—same high school. Everything the same except our I.Q.'s; she was smart in school."

"I heard about it," Charlie said. "She's still smart. She's getting her own column, you know—in the brains department, politics, international morals, all that stuff. Listen, what time will she have for a bum like you?"

"Well, we'll see," Nick said; "we'll see."

"That's why you feel so good, eh? You're falling in love with Laura?"

"No, Charlie; you've got me all wrong. I'm not just falling in love now. I've been in love with Laura

ever since I was seventeen years old."

"And now, at this ripe age, you get ambition all of a sudden?"

"I'll see you later, Charlie, and let you know," Nick said, then he slowly climbed the stairs that led to the clubhouse. Well, what's wrong with ambition, he asked himself; what's wrong with retrieving in the space of two months the mistakes you have made in a lifetime.

Mr. Rodney L. Bigsby, the owner of the Flatbush Fusileers, sat at his desk. Mr. Bigsby, who had been a small boy in the administration of Ulysses S. Grant, had since that time grown older but no bigger. It was a surprising thing to see him lift a telephone with fewer than both of his hands. But Mr. Bigsby was as active as a cricket and had a baritone voice that rattled his thin cheeks when he spoke. His favorite saying was, "I am not a rich man!"

"Well, what have you decided?" Nick said.

He felt a filial fondness for this little man who looked at him now, tight-lipped, and with a bony finger tapping on the desk. The fondness had been quick-born, in September, when Mr. Bigsby, upon the resignation of Andy McAvoy, the Flatbush coach, had appointed Nick in his place.

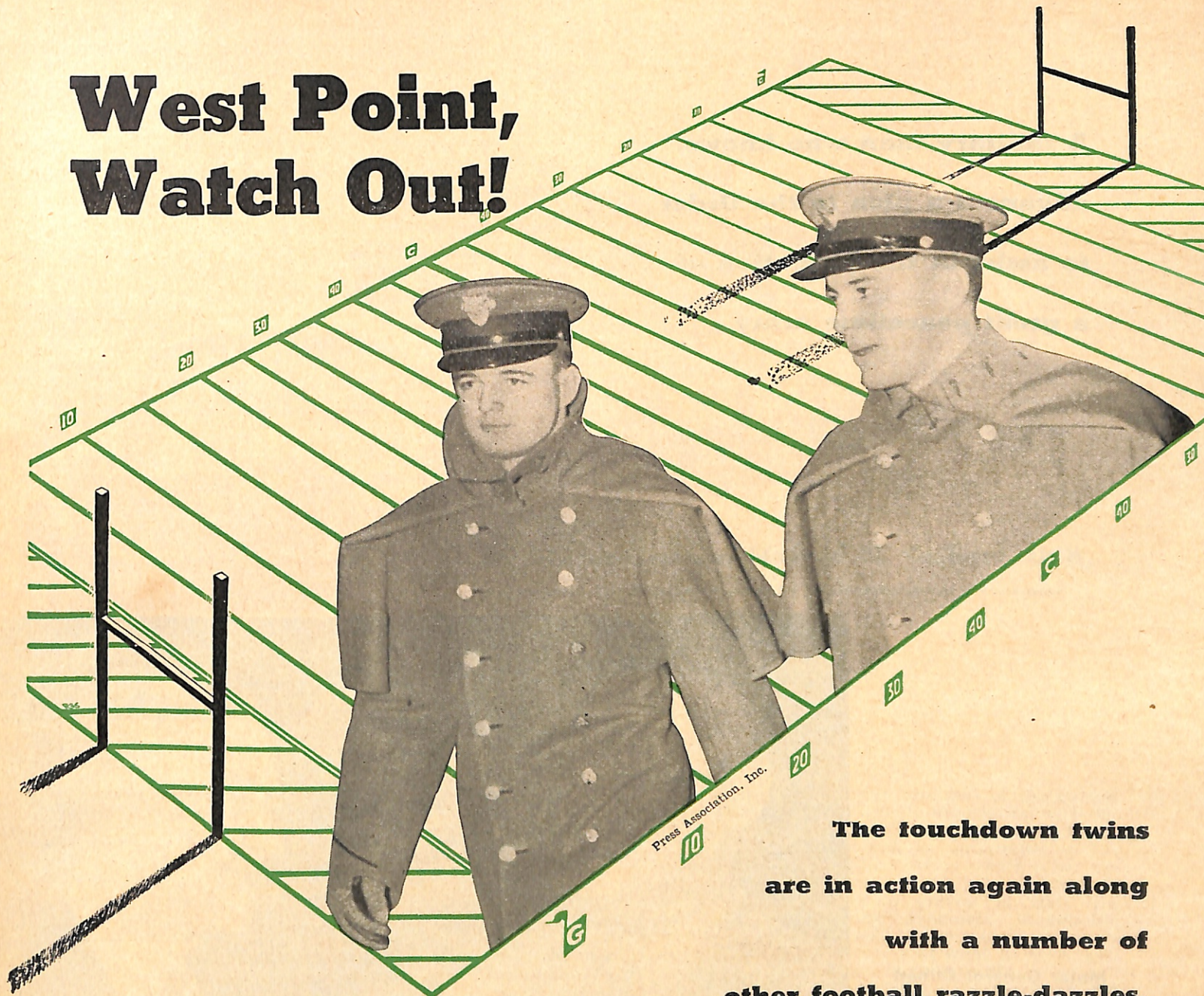
"I can do nothing with your bums," said McAvoy, resigning.

"Then I'll get a bum who understands bums!" Mr. Bigsby shouted, and he did.

Of course most commentators thought that Mr. Bigsby was a victim of the dross between his ears. Appointing Nick Casey to a position of responsibility and leadership, they said, would be like placing the atom-bomb into the hands of Hitler's Ghost.

(Continued on page 44)

West Point, Watch Out!



**The touchdown twins
are in action again along
with a number of
other football razzle-dazzles.**

By John Lardner

FOR the last two years, there has been a theory at large that the Army team at West Point is the best college football team ever assembled. I say "is" to cover the present lineup as well as those of 1944 and 1945, because as long as Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis are in uniform it is all the same Army team to the public which follows the game of football (once described by a president of Cornell as "the agitating of a bag of wind") from September till New Year's Day.

Davis and Blanchard, the touchdown twins, are in action again this year, along with numerous other young geniuses of the type which began to accrue to West Point soon after the war began. The theory of the team's unique greatness is still in circulation. This year, however, more than ever before, you detect a sinister undertone of resistance. Several teams, chief among them Notre Dame, have resolved to see that Army is knocked down without delay.

Maybe, with the war over, it seems less disrespectful now to beat Army. Last season was a post-war season too, of course, but it caught the rest of the country off-guard and unprepared to take advantage of sudden peace to slug the armed forces. There should be no doubt in anyone's mind that Army's wartime football power was arranged and fabricated as a sort of national trade-mark. Young men who were going anywhere but to West Point—Blanchard, for instance, was bound for Pittsburgh or Tulane—made sharp U-turns and landed as plebes on the plain above the Hudson. When they did not do so voluntarily, they were coaxed. There was no expectation that these boys would be in battle, leading troops, before the war ended. What was wanted by everyone concerned, from Congress down (or up, if you prefer), was a strong Army football team for the war years.

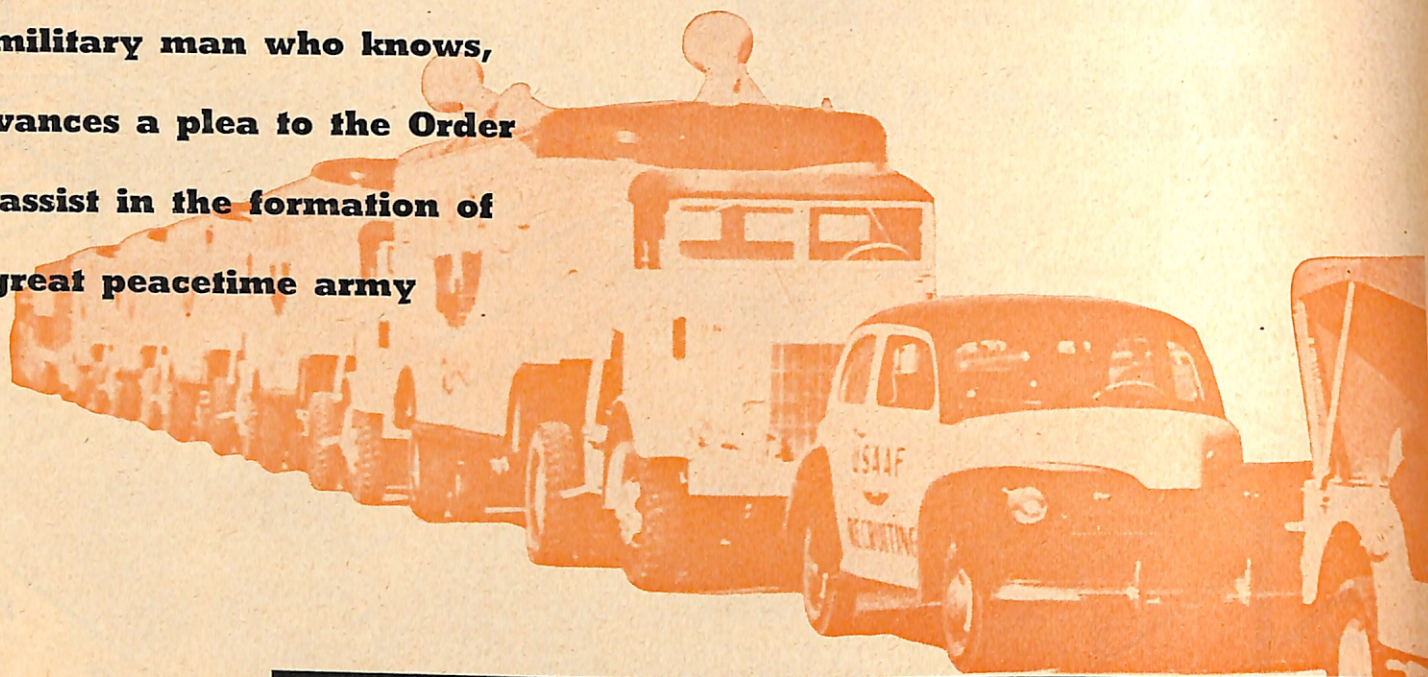
Navy followed suit. Perhaps the methods of recruitment which were

used to bring the finest beef-on-the-hoof to West Point and Annapolis, to build up football symbols there, created a little petulance in rival circles, but you heard nothing of it as long as the war lasted. This year there have been vigorous complaints. You get the impression that Army and Navy are still on the same track, bent on making their football power as permanent as their international power. Mr. Pooley Hubert, coach of football at Virginia Military Institute, was the first man to gnash his teeth in public.

"What kind of eligibility rules have Army and Navy got?" hollered Mr. Hubert. "They are robbing me of football players who flunk in every classroom subject."

This may strike you as a singular statement, for Mr. Hubert seems to suggest that the flunkers who should be barred from Army and Navy could be playing football for him, flunk or no flunk. However, we will
(Continued on page 58)

**A military man who knows,
advances a plea to the Order
to assist in the formation of
a great peacetime army**



Major General Gilbert is shown at right with Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan at the Grand Lodge Convention in New York City in July, 1946

WITH the same spirit of magnificent and generous cooperation shown in aiding the Army Recruiting Service in the war years, Elks lodges throughout the country are organizing recruiting committees to help procure manpower for our new peacetime Regular Army.

Each of these committees is setting the goal of enlisting one man monthly for every 100 members. Though many lodges are inactive during the summer months, I was greatly pleased to learn that more than 350 named committees within two weeks after the call was issued July 10th at the Grand Lodge Convention in New York. Since then many more have acted.

This is typical of the fine response

of the Order prior to and during the war, when the Army was assisted—first through the Elks National Defense Committee, then by the Elks War Commission. During this time, the Elks joined in sponsoring vocational training to qualify men for military service, and in obtaining Air Force cadets and ground crewmen, Seabees and nurses. The contribution of the Order helped significantly in our task of winning the war in the shortest possible time.

Now, with the new Army facing myriad and varied peacetime obligations, the B. P. O. Elks again is demonstrating its patriotism in this most important service to the nation: getting recruits to build the volunteer peacetime Regular Army for its task

of securing the peace we have won at so great a cost. To perform this task adequately, we must build the most scientifically trained and technically equipped Army in our history.

But in addition to fostering national defense and world peace, the Elks are contributing in an important way to the future of many young Americans. In each volunteer enlisted they will be adding to the hundreds of thousands of young men who are becoming better, more self-reliant citizens through acceptance of the good jobs and splendid educational opportunities offered in the Regular Army.

In becoming a partner in this enterprise of the United States Army



Something

to Sell!

By Major-General Harold N. Gilbert, USA,

Assistant The Adjutant General for Military Personnel Procurement

Recruiting Service, the Elks are taking on a job of selling . . . and they have something worthwhile to sell.

Today, the Regular Army offers men from 17 to 34 one of the best jobs in the world. Recently increased pay, plus other benefits and allowances, give American soldiers an economic security unequalled by any other Army in history. Always the Army has led in training programs and its educational facilities have been widened considerably as it buckles down for its great peacetime tasks. In addition, there are extra pay for special duties, a 30-day annual furlough vacation, generous retirement provisions and many other inducements which will appeal to young men in any American community.

The Elks can help greatly in the effort to bring this message to the homes of America's youth. There will be countless cases where a boy, bewildered as to what path to take in life, will be grateful later for the start an Elk has obtained for him through guiding him to a career in the Army with an assured future.

Scientific developments of the past few years have opened the doors of many new fields to the man in uniform. The Regular Army will move rapidly ahead into the new worlds of jet propulsion, radar, television, electronics and atomic power which were opened up in the war years. Every branch of the service is busy on research and experimentation. Many a boy wants to share in that work, and those volunteers enlisting

for three years may select the branch of service where they will be handling the newest scientific equipment.

The Army is seeking to build a highly skilled force of intelligent, alert young men who can be trained to cope with the developments of the electronic age. Thus any young American joining the Army today will be associated with that trend, as well as with the Army's great tradition of scientific and technological achievement.

Throughout the 148 years of its peacetime history, the Regular Army has always been in the forefront of advancements in science, engineering, medicine, transportation and communications.

Its Corps of Engineers builds railroads and dams, fine harbors and public buildings. The Medical Department conquered yellow fever, typhus and malaria; now it is tackling global medicine to fight the diseases of the world. Pioneers in exploration and communications, the Signal Corps has turned its instruments into space, "bouncing" radar off the moon in a preliminary experiment. Long list of achievements have been rolled up, too, by the Air Forces, Chemical Warfare Service, Ordnance, Transportation and Quartermasters Corps, and other branches of the service.

With its technical "know-how", the Regular Army is continuing the tradition of achievement, and America's volunteer soldiers are proud to have a share in contributing to the

constructive progress of the nation.

In addition to association with one of the greatest technological teams ever devised, an enlistment in the new Regular Army offers other opportunities equal or superior to those which prevail in civil life. From the economic standpoint, many a soldier has real annual earnings in excess of what he could get, at his age, in private life.

Under recent pay increases enacted by Congress, pay scales are the highest in Army history, ranging from \$75 for privates to \$165 for first and master sergeants. In addition to this cash monthly pay, the soldier's food, quarters and clothing are free, as are medical and dental care. Those selecting an overseas theatre for service get 20 per cent more pay, while members of flying or glider crews receive 50 per cent extra, and each three years of service brings an automatic 5 per cent raise in base pay. The soldier who stays in the service can retire on retirement pay at his own request any time after completing 20 years' service. A staff sergeant, for example, after 20 years' service could retire and receive 50 per cent of his monthly pay or \$74.75 for the rest of his life. After thirty years' service he would receive 75 per cent of his monthly pay or \$129.38 for the remainder of his life. If he were a master sergeant, after 30 years' service he would receive \$185.63 retired pay every month for life. "Invisible" benefits, which mean extensive sav-

(Continued on page 60)

...ON STAGE

We Recommend:

Right: Helena Bliss and George Britton sing their Romany way through the Victor Herbert musical which is currently interesting Broadway theater-goers, "Gypsy Lady".

"Gypsy Lady"



"Anna Lucasta"

two-year dramatic hit, "Anna Lucasta", with Frank

Above is the memorable bar scene from New York's Silvera and Yvonne Machen dominating the stage.

Below, all tensed up for the Big City's latest revival of "The Front Page", are Arnold Moss, Lew Parker and Pat McClarney whose performances are terrific and hit you in exactly that order.

"The Front Page"

Below: After a bucolic interlude, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, here briefly separated by Miss Ann Lee, are back in town with "O Mistress Mine" and all their charm and humor and glamor.

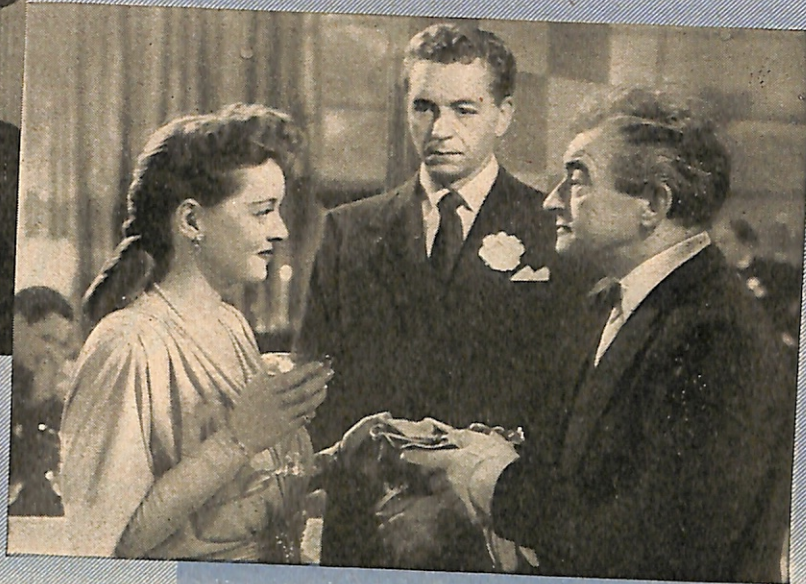
"O Mistress Mine"



AND SCREEN

"Sister Kenny"

Above are the late Philip Merivale, Alexander Knox and Rosalind Russell in RKO-Radio's "Sister Kenny", the life story of the woman who has worked miracles in bringing back life to the limbs of polio victims.



"Deception"

Above: The three personalities in a strange triangle which is all mixed up with concertos, composers, consciences and conundrums and is called, simply, "Deception"—Bette Davis, Paul Henreid and Claude Rains—a Warner Brothers production.

Left: One of the more rugged scenes in Paramount's rough-and-tumble saga of the sea, "Two Years Before the Mast", in which William Bendix uses muscle and a very nasty weapon on Alan Ladd. Barry Fitzgerald adds a nice touch of green to the picture.

"Two Years Before the Mast"

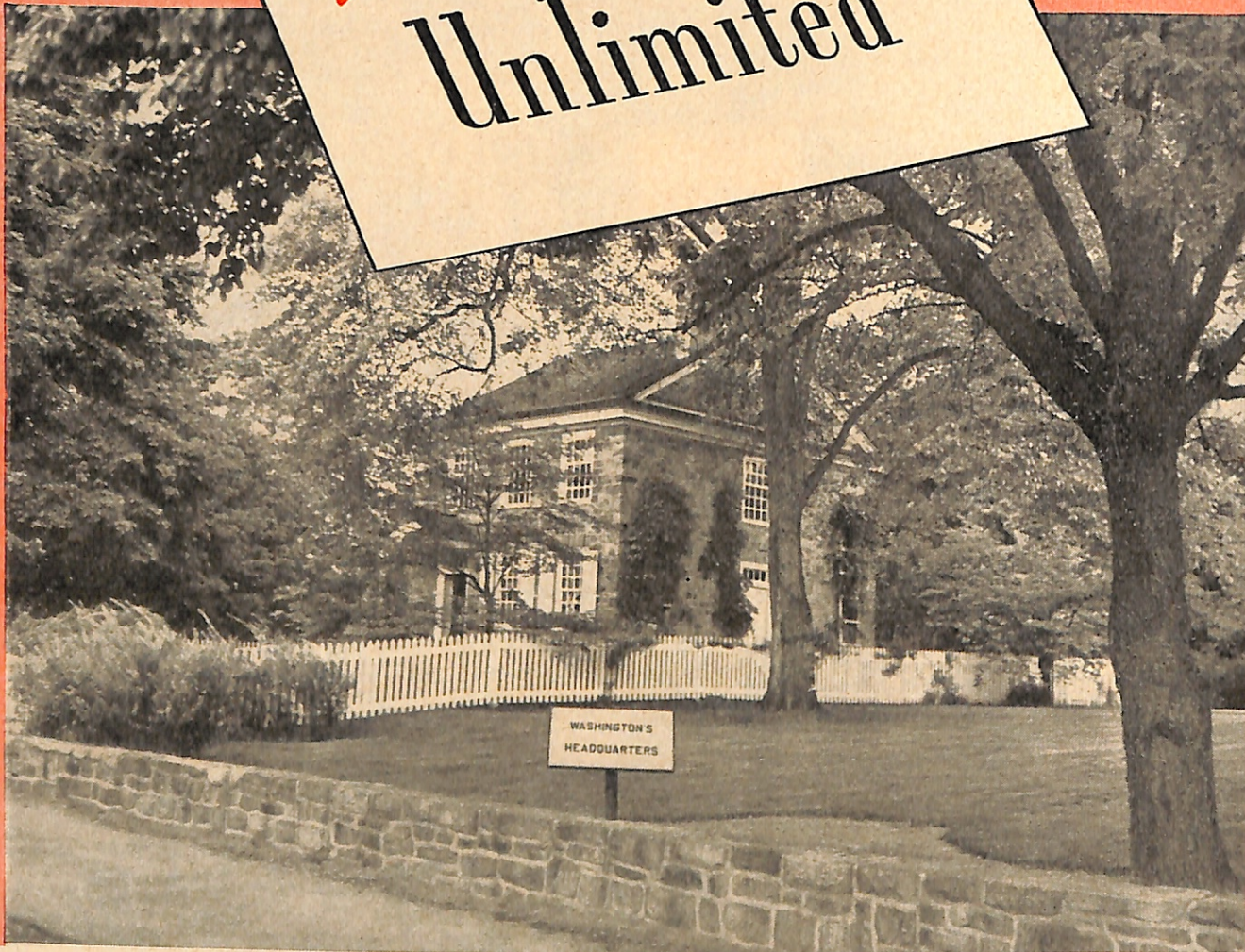


Right: Larry Parks, with the assistance of a pleasant background, takes-off the fabulous Al Jolson in Columbia's smash musical, "The Jolson Story". Though it's Al's own voice which puts over the songs, it's Mr. Parks who puts the Jazz Singer's flesh and blood on the screen in a more than acceptable interpretation.

"The Jolson Story"



Vacations Unlimited



Press Association, Inc.

WHEN it seemed last Spring that the vacation season would be an extraordinarily hectic one, many Americans wisely decided to postpone their travels until the Fall months. Sensing crowded summer conditions, resort owners in several States laid plans to extend operations into October and November and the National Association of Travel Officials suggested "staggered" vacations and the lengthening of the season so that the greatest number of people could be accommodated.

Not every State, however, has the facilities or the climate to make an autumn holiday enjoyable; on the other hand, a wooded, mountainous region such as Pennsylvania is at its

By Al Frantz

finest in the Fall months. If, by chance, resorts in a particular section of Pennsylvania are closed, there is always a city nearby which can easily be made one's vacation headquarters. The historic sights of the State are just as appealing at one time of the year as another. The bass and wall-eyed pike and pickerel season extends to November 30 and the deer season, usually opening December 1, finds practically every automobile on the highway loaded with game and happy hunters. Autumn fills the barns of the Pennsylvania Dutch country to overflowing, puts a refreshing briskness into

the morning and early evening air, and makes the great forests of William Penn's land a sight of indescribable beauty which no traveler will ever forget.

Let's start our autumn tour of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, where Betsy Ross sewed the first American flag; journey out to Valley Forge and west to Lancaster and Manheim, home regions of the Mennonites, the Amish and the Dunkards; continue on to the battlefields of Gettysburg; swing north to Harrisburg, the capital, and, near the top of the State, Pennsylvania's "Grand Canyon"; then conclude our trip at Oleana, in a forested region where Ole Bull, great Norwegian violinist, dreamed
(Continued on page 59)

It's a Man's World



by Kent Richards

SOME time ago I opened my big mouth and said I could make a master chef or something like that out of any man who could read. Then I discovered that this column has a lady reader. Now I'm worried. When women get hold of recipes they want to trick them up like the four-color salads in the *Ladies Home Companion*.

Here's one, though, I don't think they could spoil even with an electric mixer. Following the directions is not much more complicated than filling a pipe and is considerably simpler than rolling your own cigarette. And take my word for it, it produces the best eating-chicken developed by man in some 20,000 years.

I don't know who discovered it but I learned the secret from Mario Chamlee, the Metropolitan Opera star who is now living in Hollywood where, it is reported, people gather about him in groups of fifteen to fifty drooling and hoping he will stop singing and cook up some Chicken Chamlee.

For this magnificent concoction you need about eighty minutes (during most of which you'll be driven crazy by the odors from the kitchen) a few spices, and a pan like the bottom of a roaster, but any large pan will do.

Now here's the deal. Your tender young chicken is cut into quarters. Sprinkle it with salt, pepper, powdered thyme and mace (any grocery has them). Now put about a half-inch of olive oil in the frying pan and heat it up. (I know olive oil is hard to get but they're shipping it again.) When the oil

is hot drop the chicken in for five minutes or so until it is nicely brown. Take the chicken out (don't stand there holding it, you dope, put it on a platter) and add to the olive oil a couple of teaspoons of chopped onions, not quite a teaspoon of chili powder and a clove of garlic. Leave this to simmer a bit until the garlic is brown. Then add a cup of broth (you can make it with a bouillon cube or by using a can of chicken broth), a couple of cups of white wine and a cup of cooking sherry—or your best imported *Amontillado*, if you prefer.

Now you've got a sauce, brother, that's got authority. It's the genuine gluck. Don't let it cook. Just stir it a few whirls. Now put your pieces of chicken in the bottom of the roaster—or whatever big pan you're using—and pour this delicious gluck over the whole business. Put it in a medium oven (around 350 degrees) and let the whole deal cook for about an hour—basting the gluck over it about every fifteen minutes—until the chicken is almost ready to fall apart.

Now snatch it up and eat it. . . . See what I mean? And with this recipe you can't make a mistake and you can cook two or three chickens at once, with the same amount. If anybody asks you how to make it the proper answer is, "Well, really I don't know. I just put in a little of this and a little of that . . . it sort of comes natural to me."

You'll be pleased to know that toward the end of this month the

people who manufacture men's clothing are meeting out in Palm Springs at a three-day conference. The moment I heard about it I had the same idea you have. Why not go down there and kidnap a couple of those boys and hold them for the ransom of a good suit of clothes? But I've cased the joint and it won't work. The Palm Springs police are going to throw a protective cordon of cops around the precious manufacturers. (You throw a cordon the same way you throw dice, only you don't snap your fingers.) Any coats and suits to be handed out will go first to the mayor of Palm Springs then to the chamber of commerce and so on down the civic scale. No outsiders will be tolerated.

The selection of Palm Springs as a meeting place for clothing manufacturers is not fortuitous, especially in October. Palm Springs, in case you haven't heard, is on the Mojave Desert and in October can be hotter than the hinges of hell. The cloak-and-suit contingent is apt to be persuaded by the warmth that what the men of this country need is less clothing, not more. That would be a national calamity. Several million men have worn their clothes so thin that public decency is seriously in jeopardy. The American man is no longer concerned over the mere possibility of becoming threadbare; he's worried about being behindbare.

I was shocked to learn that one of our recent gestures toward good will with Latin America has evidently failed. At least its initial effect was disappointing. I refer to the efforts of GI's at one of our air bases in Peru to bridge the international gap between themselves and Peruvian pulchritude by means of the famed GI whistle, as provocative a couple of bars of music as any written by Beethoven, Wagner or Cole Porter.

As I get the story, some of our GI's apparently observed certain Peruvian wisps of femininity walking along the streets of Talara and, wishing to do their bit towards hemisphere solidarity, they whistled. Since the whistle they used—the famed thweeeet-thweuuuu—had been successful in promoting relations in every other country in the world there was little reason to suppose that it would fail in a place like Peru, which is nothing special.

However, the GI's reckoned without one circumstance. The Peruvian chickadees they whistled up were accompanied by men—Peruvian, to be sure, but men are men almost everywhere. These, it turned out, were also enrolled in the Peruvian army with a rank considerably above a GI. The Peruvian officers made with the resentment. Our GI's, who have never learned the difference between a South American soldier and a musical comedy character, told them to go jump in the lake, (this wasn't their exact wording, of course) and the fight was on.

Now there is a big international incident about the thing and the
(Continued on page 51)

Editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP . . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

October



CTOBER brings the vacation season to a close.

Lodges are facing the most active period of the year, and officers, "blueprinting" the seasons activities, must be mindful of the fact that they must compete with four years of feverish activity, that the Order is going at a fast pace, and that the momentum must be maintained.

To keep the Order moving at wartime speed is a major problem, but it must, and can be done. The fighting is over but peace seems very far away. Postwar problems arise to "try men's souls", and present dangerous threats to America and her people. The world situation is one that brings to mind the advice of Col. Blacker, "Put your trust in God, boys, but keep your powder dry."

High on the agenda of all lodges must be wholesome entertainment, and opportunity for social communion that squares with the traditional good-fellowship of Elkdom. War has not destroyed the American capacity for enjoyment. But

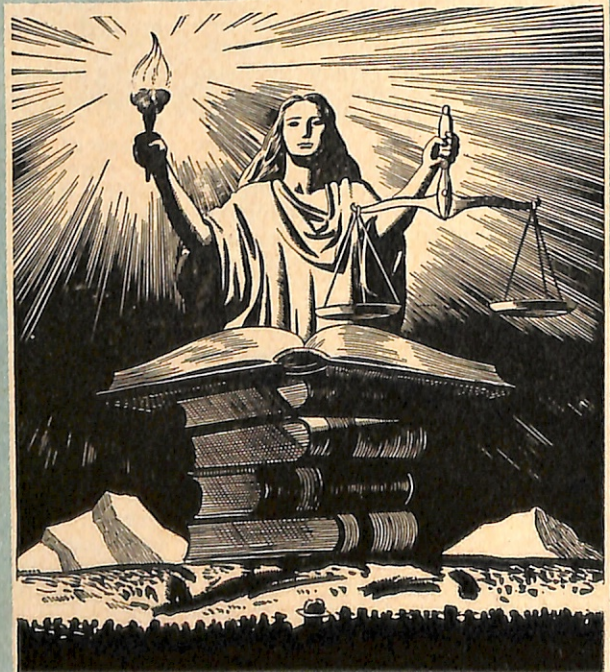
the social side must always be subordinate to patriotic action and community service. "To quicken the spirit of American patriotism" is a tenet of the Order.

The War Department, in seeking the aid of the Order of Elks in its campaign to enlist a volunteer army of peace, offers unlimited opportunity for patriotic action. The progress of peace negotiations up to now leaves no doubt in the minds of America that force is the only language universally understood. The democratic world looks to America for guidance along the road to peace. The army of peace is not recruited for war but to prevent war. The War Department is confident that the Elks will answer the call to peacetime service as effectively as they responded to the call of war.

Front organizations with high-sounding names and impressive directorates are crawling out of the holes they have occupied since Pearl Harbor, to inject their subversive doctrine into the blood-stream of America. No organization is better fitted to counter this propaganda more effectively than the Order of Elks. Lodges in every community must be on the alert to strike wherever these enemies of America raise their vicious heads. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of



Charity



Justice

peace, but also the price of democracy.

State Associations are carrying on the Veterans Hospital Program and as it is enlarged and expanded, the cooperation of subordinate lodges will be increasingly needed. Veteran welfare is one of the major activities. The Order does not forget, and accusations of ingratitude will never be directed against the Elks.

Each community has its own problems, and no lodge need be reminded that cooperation in all things that make for better citizenship and a better community is an obligation of Elkdom.

The Order now enjoys prosperity to a great degree. It rides high on the tide of public favor. It has earned its prestige by patriotic service. The current year promises another large increase in membership. The future is bright with promise. Patriotic action, service to the community, practice of the cardinal virtues will bring about its fulfillment.

The Foundation



HE comprehensive and enlightening report of the Elks National Foundation must be a source of gratification to all Elks.

The report is proof positive that the "great heart of Elkdom" throbs with sympathy in peace and in war, and that regardless of the war's demands the Foundation is not forgotten.

The Elks National Foundation is taking its place beside the great foundations of America. It is a real philanthropy, and its possibilities are boundless.

Recommended by Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley in 1928, and created by the Grand Lodge in 1929, Brother Malley has been its first and only Chairman.

The Foundation has a remarkable record. It was created

on the threshold of the great depression, but through the years of creeping economic disaster it grew and prospered, and so carefully have its funds been handled that even in the days when the whole financial structure of the world seemed crashing, never was a loss incurred in its investments.

Every dollar that goes into the Foundation remains to work in perpetuity for its donor. Only the income is used and every expenditure for educational and philanthropic purposes is carefully safeguarded. Every dollar counts, and is expended only for causes worthy and qualified to receive Elk consideration.

Anyone, in or out of the Order, who desires to contribute to a fund that will keep his donation intact and make the income work to the best advantage will do well to consider the Elks National Foundation.

In Order

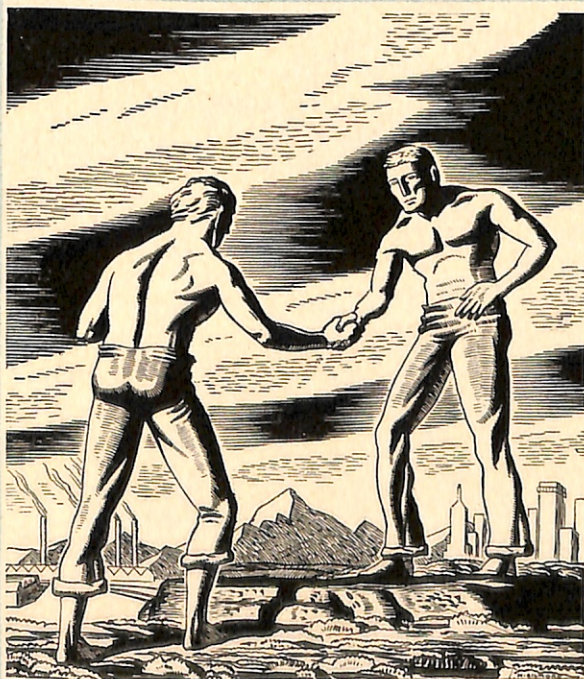


AYMENT of dues is "in order".

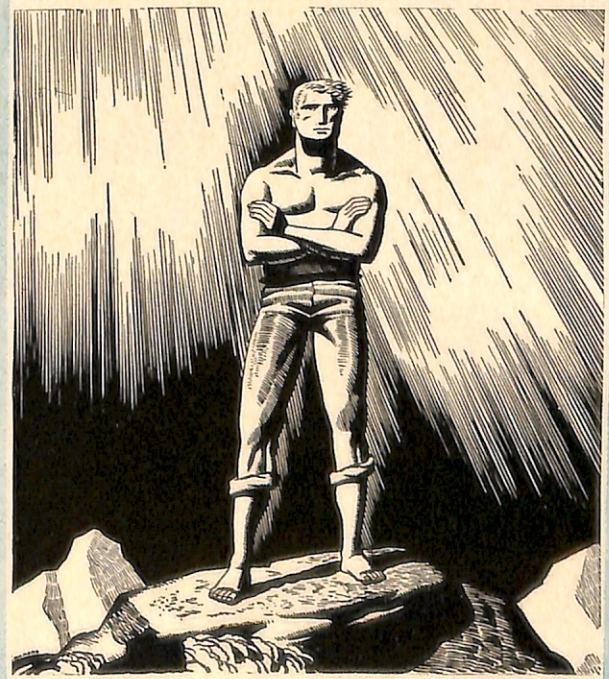
The color of the membership card does not change on October 1st. but the date-line does, and cards, to be in order, must now read "April 1st".

Lapsation, as a serious problem, has greatly lessened in recent years, but there are careless Elks, particularly at this period when there is no color change to remind them more forcibly that dues are really due.

Most lodges are ambitious to achieve a membership one hundred per cent paid. This can only be done with the cooperation of the membership, and this is written with the hope that it will meet the eye of the Brother who may be a bit negligent about paying his dues, and remind him to send them in, thus helping the hard-working secretary achieve his one hundred per cent ambition.



Brotherly Love



Fidelity



"Something tells me they won't go far from shore"

A doggone good hint for hosts!

Tuck a bottle of Calvert in a beach basket, or serve up some glorious Calvert Highballs on the terrace...and nothing can lure your guests away!

This pre-war quality whiskey is

unmistakably *the real thing*...so deliciously smooth and rich, there's simply no imitating it!

Planning a friendly little gathering yourself? Pay your guests the compliment of serving Calvert.

• • • ***It's the real thing!***

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**



Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits..."Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

Under the ANTLERS



Below: After more than two and one-half years of serving those who served, the Elks Fraternal Center in New York City, operated under the aegis of the Elks War Commission, closed its doors. Here Chairman James R. Nicholson, David Sholtz and James T. Hallinan of the Commission bid farewell to the last of the more than 90,000 servicemen who found the Center one of the finest of its kind.



Above are the members of the Rededication Committee of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago as they met there to make arrangements for the ceremonies held September 8th. The five gentlemen in the center background are Past Grand Exalted Rulers Henry C. Warner; J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary; Bruce A. Campbell; Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow



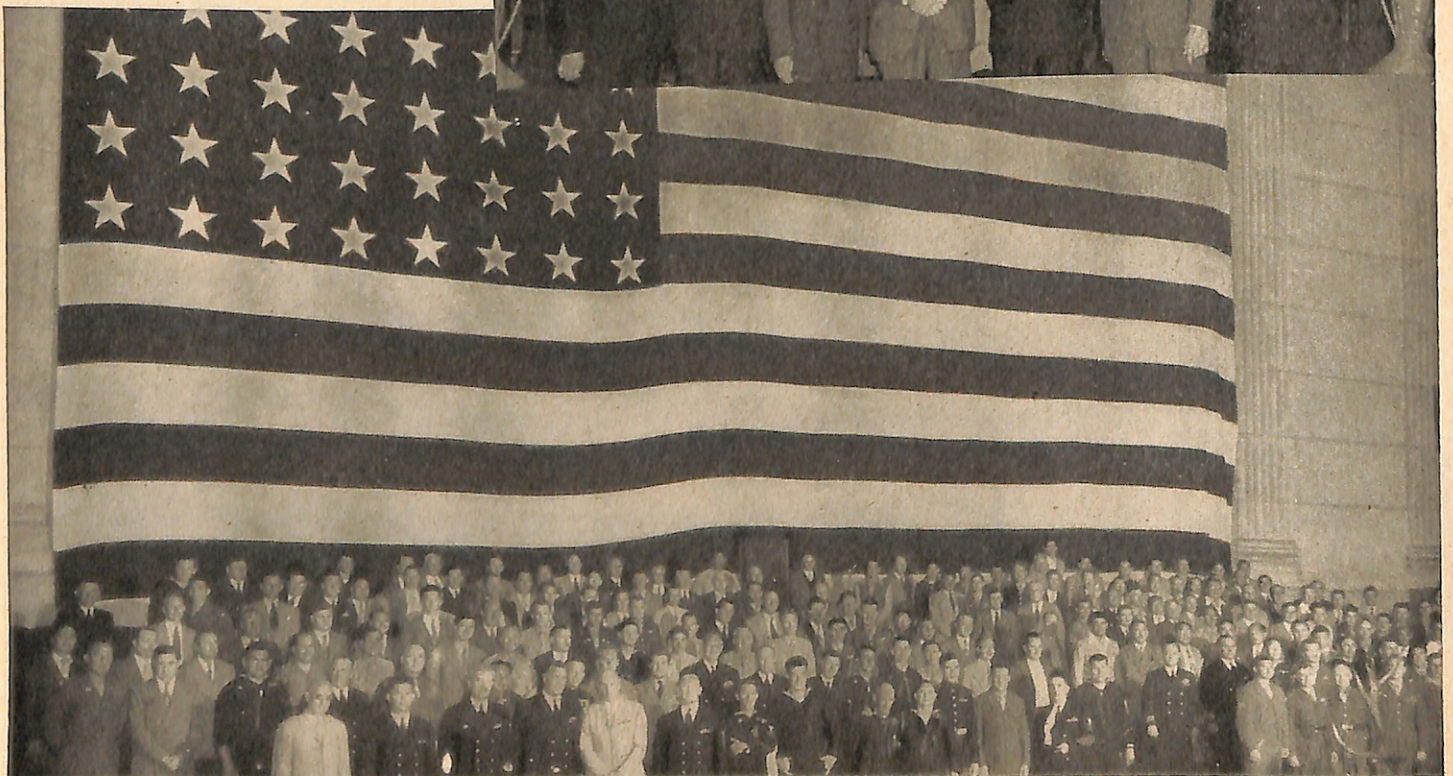
Left is a photograph taken when 62 wounded veterans from Halloran General Hospital were entertained by the members of Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge.

Below are some of the 155 members of Minot, N. D., Lodge who served in World War II, at a banquet recently given in their honor by the lodge. Six members died in the service.



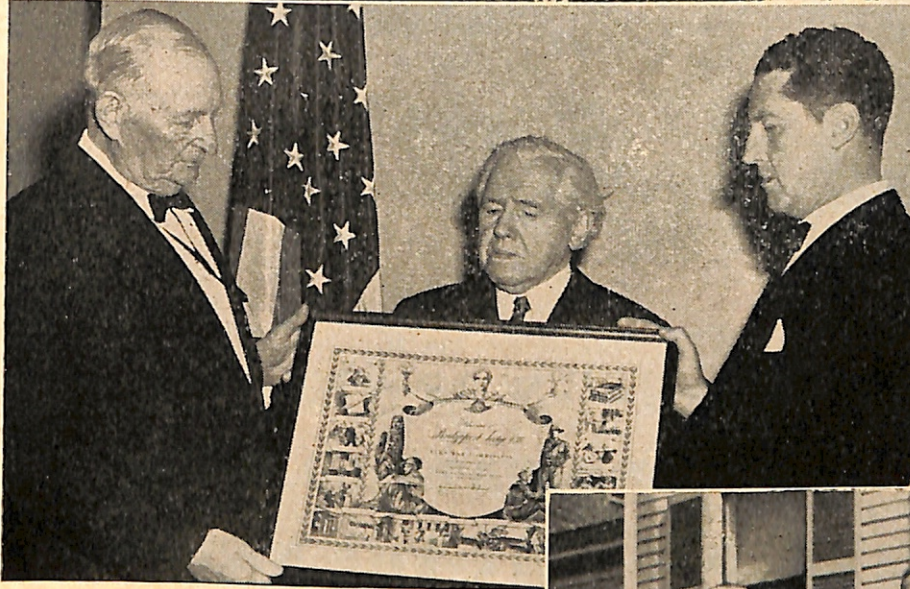
Right are those in charge of the dedication of Kelso, Wash., Lodge's Living War Memorial—a \$40,000 golf course. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Loneragan, first row center, was the speaker of the day.

Below: "Christmas in June" brought a delayed but gift-laden Santa Claus by special dispensation of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge to 250 of its ex-servicemen, honored guests at a fine "Holiday" dinner.



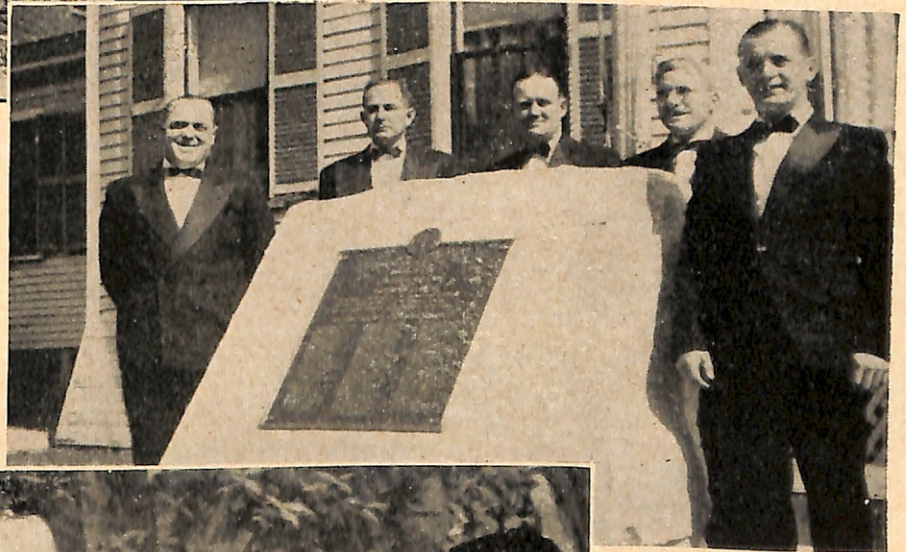


Above: The officers of Rockville, Conn., Lodge are shown with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, standing rear, center, who presented the Elks War Commission's Certificate of Appreciation to the lodge, and the class initiated in honor of the occasion.

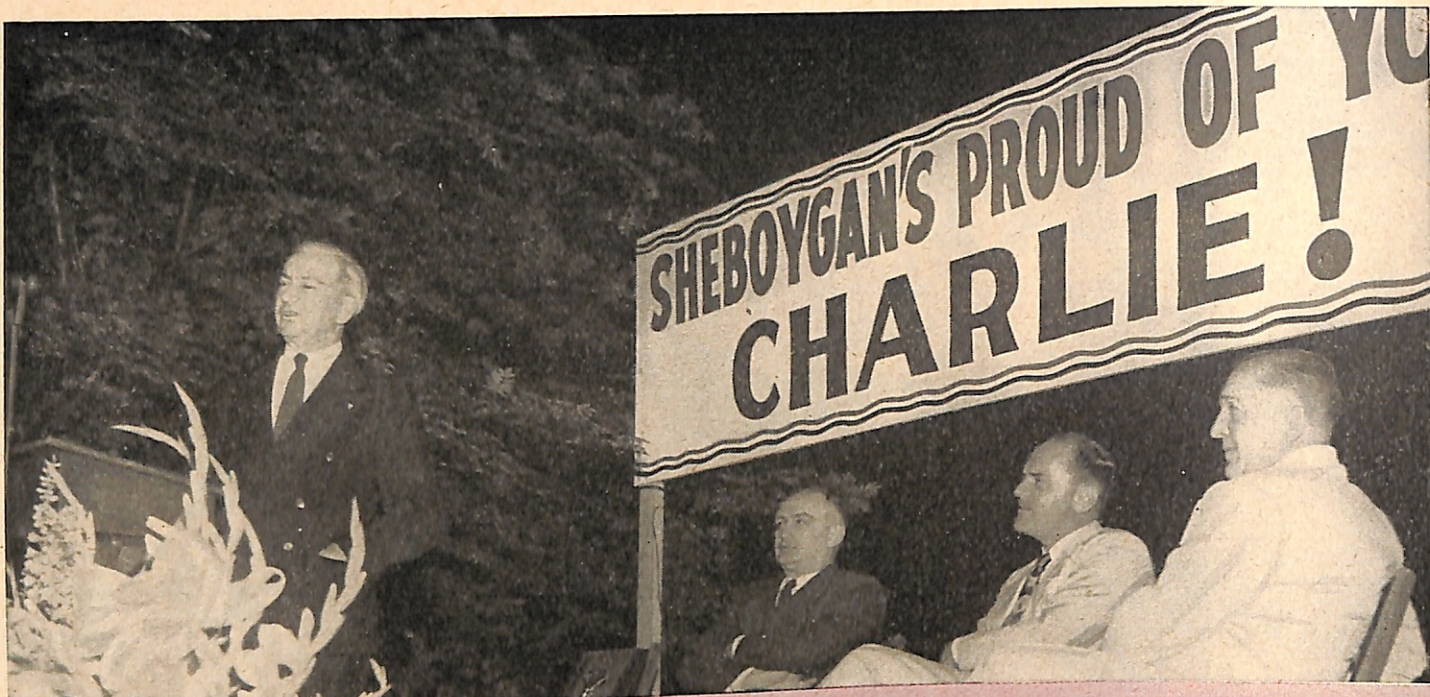


Left: Mr. Benjamin, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee James L. McGovern and retiring E.R. John P. Golden, left to right, pictured when Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge received the Certificate of Appreciation.

Right: Officers of Bath, Me., Lodge are photographed with the memorial dedicated to their servicemen Brothers. The bronze plaque carries the names of the six killed in action in World War II, as well as those of the 91 who served.



Left: E.R. John Casebeer presents cartons of cigarettes, on behalf of his lodge, to two of the 500 veterans who were royally welcomed back to McPherson, Kans.



Above: The new Grand Exalted Ruler, Charles E. Broughton, addresses the thousands of his friends who turned out to give him a rousing "welcome home" on his return to Sheboygan, Wis., after his election at the Grand Lodge Convention in New York.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., Lodge, No. 299—No. 1 lodge in the Nation for 1946-47 since the new Grand Exalted Ruler, Charles E. Broughton, is one of its members—wasn't the only Sheboygan organization which turned out to give the Order's new leader a welcome that will never be forgotten. The Rotarians, Kiwanians, Lions and Eagles; the American Legion, Military Order of the Purple Heart, United Spanish War Veterans, Disabled American Veterans, Sons of Union Veterans and countless others took part in the parade which triumphantly escorted Mr. Broughton from the North Western Railroad Station to the lodge home.

The crowd of some five thousand enthusiastic Sheboygan citizens began to gather early in the evening, and though the Grand Exalted Ruler's train was

late, no one's ardor was dampened. When the passengers alighted, a reception committee composed of prominent local and State Elks greeted Mr. Broughton and escorted him along the station platform where he paused a moment to extend his greetings to the radio audience tuned in on Station WHBL. Then he was taken to the official car, accompanied by Mayor Willard M. Sonnenburg, a member of No. 299, and the parade got into swing.

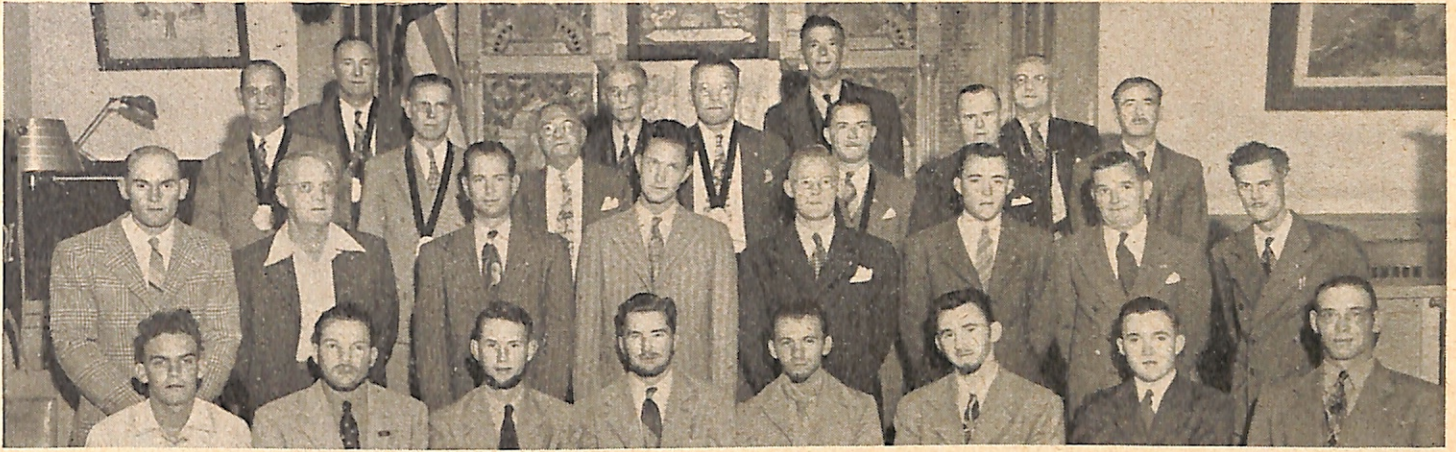
Flaming torches, swaying banners, drum and bugle corps and bands galore made the whole thing a very colorful affair, and the welcome-home and con-

gratulatory signs carried by many of the groups added to the festivity at the open-air program at the home of No. 299, which P.E.R. J. A. Fessler emceed. The program itself was brief and to the point, with Mr. Fessler opening it, the Mayor officially welcoming Mr. Broughton to the city, Exalted Ruler William Arndt doing the same for the lodge, and the Grand Exalted Ruler responding graciously with a few well-chosen words.

A telegram from a famous Elk from Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, the President of the United States, was one of the many messages of this kind to

Below is one of the first classes initiated in honor of Mr. Broughton. This particular group, pictured with the lodge officers, is affiliated with Hornell, N. Y., Lodge.





Above are sixteen new members of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge with their officers.

greet Mr. Broughton on his return: "Permit me in this way to join my voice to the 'Welcome Home' you are receiving and to congratulate you warmly upon your recent elevation to be the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks. I have heard with great interest and complete sympathy about the enlarged child welfare program you are undertaking. More power to you in this fine enterprise.

"Very sincerely yours,
"Harry S. Truman."

Right: Three Elk Izaak Waltons—Tony Vranicar of Joliet, Ill., Bill Donnell of Pueblo, Colo., and Forrest Kennedy of Phoenix, Ariz., with a one-day catch of sailfish taken at Guaymar, Mex.

Below: Part of the class of 80 candidates initiated in honor of one of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge's oldest members, Press Huddleston.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge, No. 99, couldn't wait until next Christmas to show its returned servicemen members they were remembered during the Holidays last year. Each Christmas during the war No. 99 distributed gifts to these fighting Elks all over the world. Last year so many men were in transit it was decided to wait and present the gifts to them in person.

It wasn't until the beginning of this summer that enough had returned to make it worthwhile, and preceding the regular lodge meeting one evening, 250 of No. 99's servicemen who are once again happy civilians after three and one-half years of war were feted at a dinner and presented with gifts by Santa Claus who made a special appearance just for this gala occasion.





Above is the large class of candidates initiated into Antigo, Wis., Lodge in honor of State President Frank W. Fisher.

NEW JERSEY STATE ASSN. HOSPITAL COMMITTEE. This Committee, under the Chairmanship of A. M. Herman assisted by Past State Pres. Wm. J. McCormack, both of Orange Lodge, has entertained more than 45,000 wounded and disabled servicemen in the State's hospitals during the past year. The Committee provided 141 recreation hall shows in hospitals during this period, as well as putting on an average of three units a week for patients confined to their beds in the hospital wards.

The entertainment unit is accompanied on hospital trips by members of the Elks Junior Hostess Group and all have received high commendation from hospital officials. The unit has been awarded the Certificate of Merit by the Second Service Command for its work at Tilton General Hospital at Fort Dix and at England General Hospital in Atlantic City.

Another feature of the entertainment program is the recording of hospitalized men's messages to their families on a special recording unit.

Right are officials of Miami, Ariz., Lodge with the beautiful elk's head the lodge has donated and shipped to Manila, P. I., Lodge.

Below is the fine group of young men who make up Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge's Antlers Lodge, pictured with the Elk officers.

Notice Regarding Application for Residence At Elks National Home

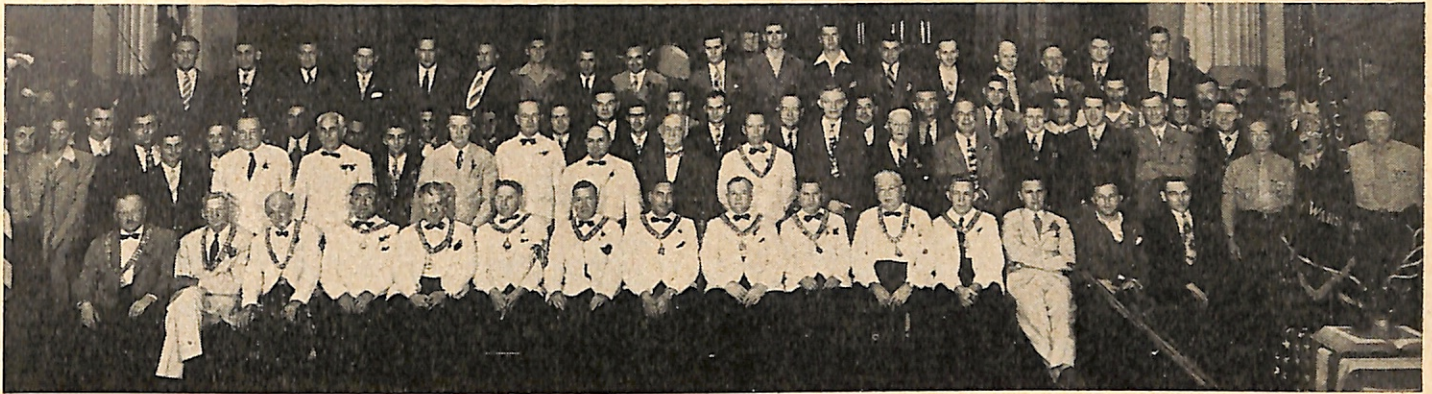
The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications for members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

CARLINVILLE, ILL., Lodge, No. 1412, celebrated its Silver Jubilee late in July and let the whole town in on it. The City Square was packed with congratulating citizens who enjoyed the parade and the street dance as well as the speaking program, highlighted by the presence of Judge Truman A. Snell, Past State Pres., who reviewed in his speech the early history of the organization. P.D.D. R. G. Borman was a very entertaining Toastmaster.

Climaxing the evening's excitement was a huge street dance with music by an excellent band. The celebration continued in a more private vein the next day when members of No. 1412 treated themselves to a chicken dinner at the lodge home.





Above are 52 new members of Waltham, Mass., Lodge, with their officers. The largest class initiated there since the institution of the lodge, 80% of the men are World War II veterans.

LINTON, IND., Lodge, No. 866, stepped back into its shoes as host for bigger and better social events in the postwar world when it put on a GI Whirl recently in the ballroom of its home. Former servicemen and their "dates" were guests of the lodge and enjoyed the floor shows provided in the dining room and during intermission as much as they did the dance music.

No. 866 is so pleased with the work done by the Elks Safety Patrol in its town that a plan has been adopted to make it a county-wide project and a county committee has been appointed by E.R. Frank Lenning to take charge. The committee will contact all school personnel in Greene County and arrange for safety patrols in each school, selected by the principals, to act as guards at street crossings. Sam Browne belts will be furnished by the Elks and a party for the youngsters will be given at the end of the school term.

Right: Shown with School Committeeman L. P. Marini and E.R. J. D. Connolly are the winners of the first \$250 Scholarships ever awarded by Quincy, Mass., Lodge, Miss Edith Mullen and David F. Stephenson.

Below are the children of Sacred Heart and St. Anthony's Orphanages who were guests of Kearny, N. J., Lodge at Olympic Park.

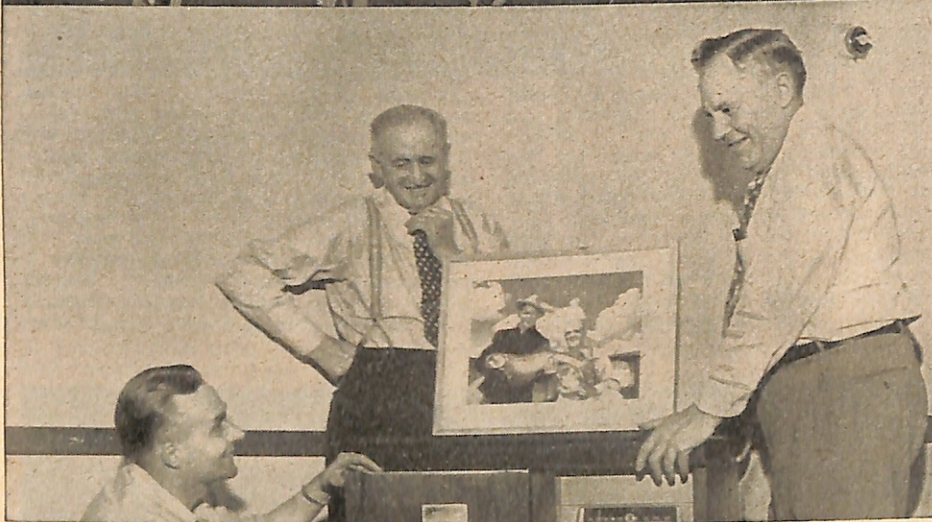
CLINTON, IA., Lodge, No. 199, spent three years and the staggering sum of \$100,000 remodeling its home and held "open house" recently to celebrate the completion of this program. A seven-piece orchestra furnished music for the Grand March and dancing and while all that was going on on the third floor, special musical entertainment was provided on the second floor for the less energetic visitors. A great many members attended the festivities, along with their lady guests, all of whom received flowers to commemorate the occasion.

The first phase of the remodeling was the construction of a 30-foot addition to the rear of the building. The dining room was then completely remodeled, enlarged and redecorated. The kitchen was also enlarged and up-to-date equipment provided. The main lounge as well as the reading and recreation rooms were redecorated, with new flooring, modern lighting fixtures and new tile walls for the entrance stairway. A beautifully appointed women's lounge was another attractive feature added to the home which now boasts an elevator.





Above is the personnel of Glendale, Calif., Lodge's 40-piece band which has been playing since 1922. The Band was in New York for the recent Grand Lodge Convention and played at various stops on their way across the country as well as several times during the meeting.



Above: Guerdon Condon, W. C. Ames and A.R. Nelson happily inspect the radio-phonograph presented to Sandpoint, Ida., Lodge by Bing Crosby after the singer visited the lodge home during a recent fishing trip.

Below: None of the 260 children from six of the city's orphanages whom the members of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge took on a beach picnic recently, forgot either manners or gratitude, as these four tykes effectively illustrate.



LYNDHURST, N. J., Lodge, No. 1505, as a gesture of devotion to our veterans, recently entertained royally 62 wounded men from Halloran General Hospital. Men from teen-age to their forties, representing probably all the major battlefields of World War II, were in the group which arrived in huge Army ambulances at the lodge home early in the evening and remained until the curfew hour of midnight.

Although twice the number expected showed up, P.E.R. Joseph Bader, who was in charge of the party, managed to find extra supplies, and a full dinner was served by the ladies of the Emblem Club. A program of entertainment was put on later and about 30 sisters and daughters of the members were hostesses. Several of the soldiers took an active part in revving up the evening with musical selections and anecdotes.

E.R. Louis Eufemio has vowed he will not forget our veterans just because the shooting is over and has big plans for them, which this party in particular certainly proved.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., Lodge, No. 255, doesn't confine its charitable activities to the U.S.A. Secy. Frank C. Cheatham purchased on behalf of No. 255 3,500 cans of peas at an auction of U. S. surplus goods recently. The cans were then donated by the lodge to UNRRA for distribution to European famine areas.

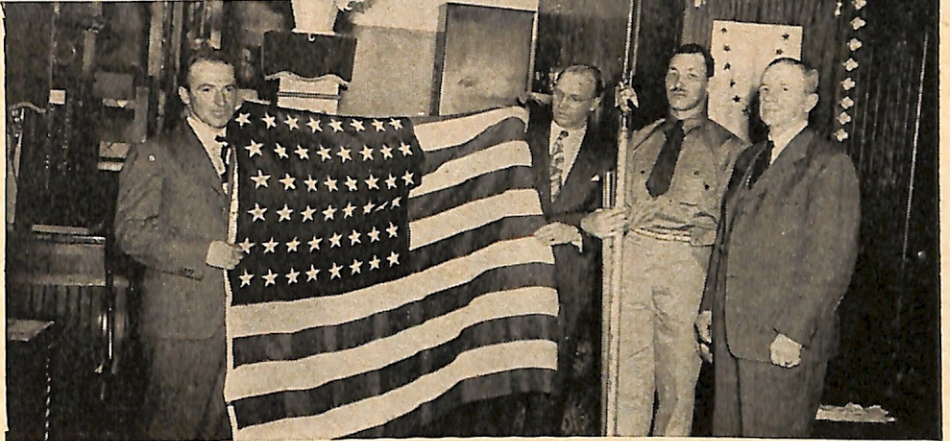
Below are the members of a class of 20 candidates recently initiated into Winchester, Va., Lodge. The officers are shown in the first row.





Above: Those who have been members of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge for 25 years or more are photographed on Old Timers Night.

Right: E.R. Harold J. Camisa presents an American Flag to Scout Troop No. 9 on behalf of Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge on "I Am an American Day".



NORWALK, CONN., Lodge, No. 709, received the coveted Certificate of Appreciation from the Elks War Commission for attaining its full quota in contributions to the Elks War Fund. At impressive ceremonies held June 12th at the lodge home, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin made the presentation before James P. McGovern, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and many present and former District Deputies and State Association officials. Delegations were on hand from West Haven, New Haven, Bridgeport, Danbury, Stamford and Greenwich Lodges. Following the meeting the members and their guests were served a delicious buffet lunch.

JOPLIN, MO., Lodge, No. 501, is still one of the most active branches of the Order in the Southwest District of the State and is sponsoring social activities with pleasing regularity. The cocktail lounge is open to members and their friends every Saturday night, and noon luncheons are served daily.

Right: The members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge's Orphans' Day Committee get together to plan the Orphans' Field Day and baseball game at Ebbetts' Field.

Below is the largest class ever initiated into Napa, Calif., Lodge, photographed with the lodge officers.

LONGVIEW, WASH., Lodge, No. 1514, threw a party for the ladies of the lodge recently, under the auspices of the Past Trustees Association, headed by Harry Calbom. Over 200 couples enjoyed the night club entertainment and the dancing and buffet supper which followed.

EUSTIS, FLA., Lodge, No. 1578, initiated 16 new Elks not long ago, and everything was quite legal, with Sheriff Willis V. McCall, Exalted Ruler of the lodge, in charge. This group of men, the largest to enter No. 1578 in fifteen years, brings the membership list to 169.





Above are the officers of Tarentum, Pa., Lodge with one of the largest classes ever initiated there.



Left, with their officers, are new members of Greenfield, O., Lodge who were initiated recently with Lt. General John Edwin Hull, Chief of Operations, War Department General Staff, seated center.

AUBURN, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1691, got itself organized May 18th at the home of Grass Valley Lodge, with a charter roll of 79.

P.E.R. James M. Shanly of Oakland Lodge, Past State Pres., took over the job of instituting the new lodge and installing the officers. P.E.R. Ray Sparnon, Grass Valley, and a group of former officials initiated the class of new members, and the officers of Nevada City Lodge closed the proceedings.

The big show went on at five p.m., after which dinner was served to the visitors from various Northern District lodges. At eight the initiatory work went on, followed by the installation of officers.

Among the 350 Elks at the institution were Grand Est. Lead, Knight F. Eugene Dayton; L. A. Lewis, a member of the Grand Forum, and several present and past officials of the Calif. State Elks Assn. which presented a beautiful silk altar flag to the new lodge.

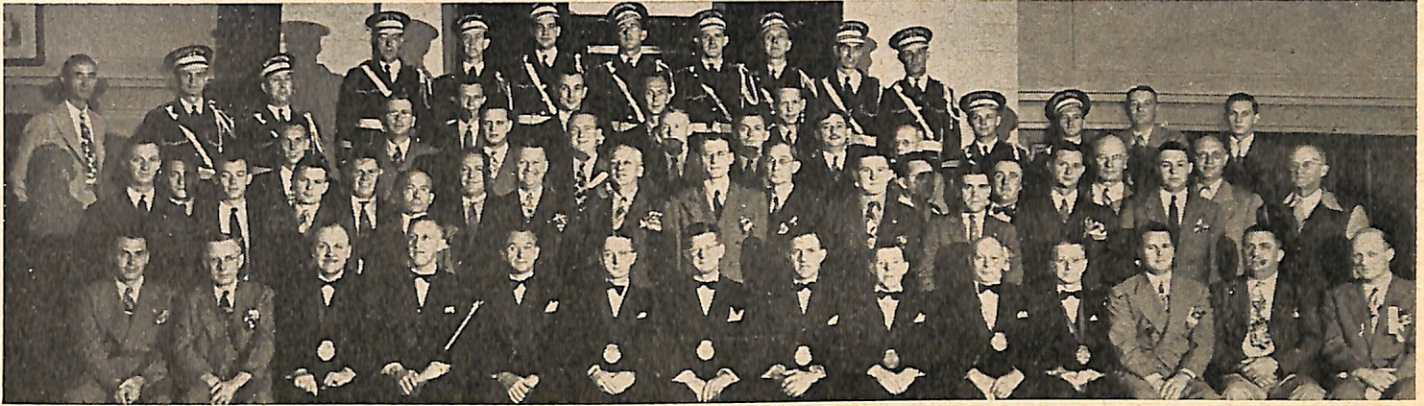
Left: Holland, Mich., Elks are shown with the display of the Iron Lung their lodge presented to a local hospital recently.

McCOOK, NEB., Lodge, No. 1434, has the whole township indebted to it since the members of No. 1434 bought, at the price of \$570, an electrocardiograph for St. Catherine's Hospital where it has already been used in a great many cases. Four years ago McCook Lodge gave this institution a maternity table costing \$500.

KEY WEST, FLA., Lodge, No. 551, bought an Iron Lung and delivered it to the Key West Municipal Hospital. Less than a week later the Lung was rushed to the U. S. Naval Hospital where—according to Dr. Robert Bennett of the Warm Springs Foundation, who arrived there later—its quick use and efficiency saved a polio victim's life.



Below are some of the 240 boys of the school patrols of their city who enjoyed the annual picnic given for them by the members of Kokomo, Ind., Lodge.



Above: An attractive photograph of the officers and uniformed Degree Team of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge and a large class of new members.

Below: The snappy Junior Elks Band, uniformed by Toledo, Ore., Lodge, as they caught every eye during the annual Portland Rose Festival Parade.

GLENDALE, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1289, held its 14th annual Press Night recently by entertaining local and out-of-town newspapermen. Roy N. Clayton, Director of Public Relations for No. 1289, who has been in charge of all 14 of these affairs, emceed. E.R. Homer S. Johnson opened the meeting and welcomed the members of the Fourth Estate, and then turned things over to Mr. Clayton who introduced the publishers, editors, etc., several of whom spoke, including General Wayne R. Allen, County Manager of Los Angeles County.

Later several vaudeville acts were put on, followed by a reception and buffet supper.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Lodge, No. 307, comes up in first place once again.

Everyone is familiar with the CARE program—the Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe—which was established by a group of New York social service organizations to enable Americans to send food to those in the starvation areas of Europe.

Many persons wished to aid in the program, and it now develops that Wilmington Lodge is the first fraternal organization in its city to participate. It was recently divulged that 18 of the packages of food, soap and cigarettes sent to five European countries got there through the kindness of the members of No. 307.

Below: Plainfield, N. J., Lodge through its hardworking Social and Community Welfare Committee, topped all other organizations in the city with this fine collection of canned food for the starving people of Europe.





Above, with their officers, are new members of DuBois, Pa., Lodge who were initiated to celebrate the lodge's 50th Anniversary.

SAN JOSE, CALIF., Lodge, No. 522, has been seeing a great deal of activity lately. Twenty-eight members of Watsonville Lodge No. 1300 invaded its home several weeks ago and swarmed all over the place, bringing a spirit of good fellowship and humor. After the opening ceremonies the visiting officers took momentary charge of things and the fun began, with a buffet supper and entertainment bringing it to a close. It was at this meeting that No. 522 voted to donate \$250 to the American Red Cross for the current year, and endorsed a motion to purchase \$50 worth of tickets for a baseball benefit game for the S. J. Kiwanis Club Youth Service. The inaugural dinner and ball in honor of newly elected E.R. C. E. Luckhardt and his officers was held in the renovated ballroom of the lodge home. An annual affair, this year's shindig included a fine floor show. The Bingo Sport Dance was another typical Elk success and a recent regular lodge meeting was preceded by a fine dinner. Four visitors were present, including State Chaplain the Rev. David Todd Gillmor. After sev-

eral committees made their reports the initiation of a class of candidates was taken care of. Two of the new Elks are recently discharged veteran sons of members of No. 522. At the conclusion of the session a boxing exhibition was put on by students from Bellarmine College Preparatory. The San Jose Elks go in for sports in more ways than one. They are busy helping the students of the local college to promote attendance at their football games this coming season.

The members of No. 522 recently endorsed to the hilt the U. S. Army Enlistment program as outlined in a request of the Elks War Commission.

KELSO, WASH., Lodge, No. 1482, chose a unique way to immortalize those who served in World War II.

An 80-acre nine-hole golf course adjoining the city limits completed at an original cost of \$40,000 will be known as the Kelso Elks Living War Memorial Golf Course.

At special services recently, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan of Portland, Ore., was speaker of the day when the Memorial was dedicated.

LEXINGTON, MO., Lodge, No. 749, boasts the largest percentage gain in membership of any lodge in its district, having nearly doubled its rolls in the last two years. Many improvements have been made and new features added to the lodge home.

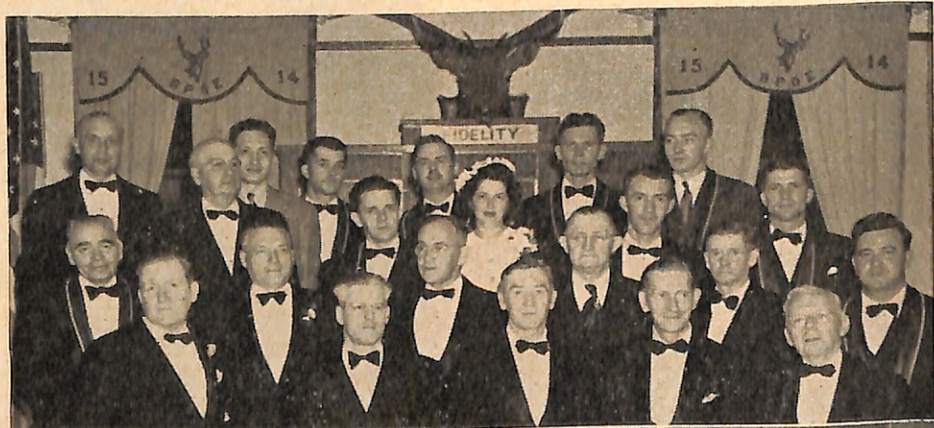
Most of No. 749's servicemen members have returned and new life and activity are much in evidence. Attendance at regular meetings has greatly increased during the past year.

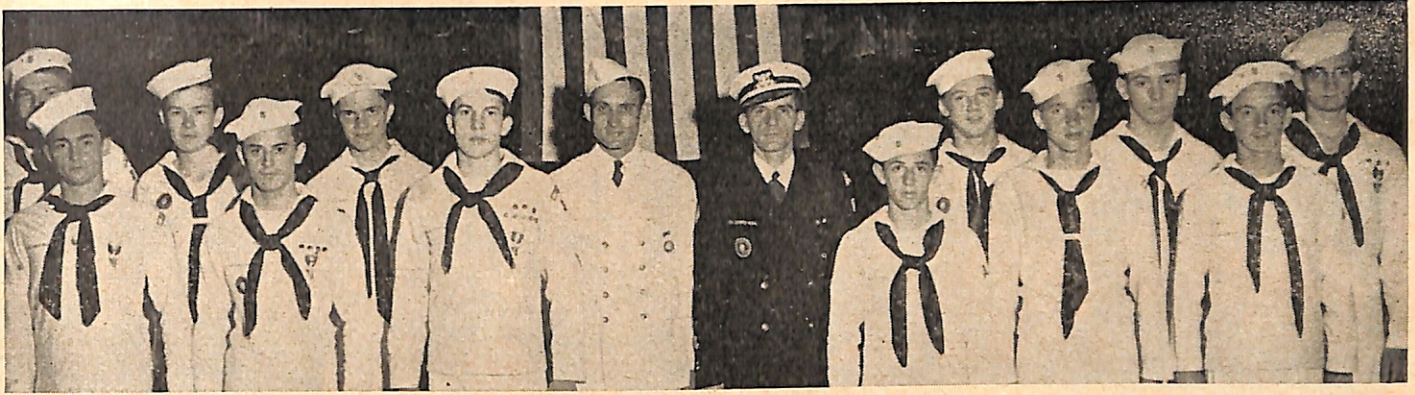
MADISON, IND., Lodge, No. 524, had itself a party recently which was a terrific success. The Antlers Quartette from Covington, Ky., Lodge, No. 314, was present to raise its voice at the dance Saturday evening and at the banquet the following day.

Many prominent Elks were present including Arnold Westermann, of Louisville, Ky., a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Past Grand Esquire Joseph B. Kyle, of Gary; State Pres. L. E. Yoder, of Goshen, and several other State officials, District Deputies and out-of-district visitors from Greensburg, Columbus and Michigan City Lodges.

Right: When Longview, Wash., Elks entertained their ladies recently, the officers, Past Trustees and Mrs. Betty Mietzke, President of the Elks Ladies, were photographed.

Below: W. F. Pauly, an Elk for 50 years, seated center, is pictured with the class initiated in his honor by the officers of Apollo, Pa., Lodge.





Above: "Skipper" James W. Roof, Est. Lead. Knight, is shown with a group of "Sea Scouts" sponsored by Rock Hill, S. C., Lodge at a supper held for them before they left on a week's cruise.

SALISBURY, MD., Lodge, No. 817, held its first annual Minstrel Show in the auditorium of the Wicomico High School and netted over \$1,800 which will be turned over to the Peninsula General Hospital. The Minstrel Show is a permanent fixture of No. 817's program, and provides an excellent opportunity for people of the community to assist in a benevolent cause.

McPHERSON, KANS., Lodge, No. 502, cooperated with the city in an extremely worthy manner in celebrating the return of local servicemen. No. 502, together with veterans organizations, the Chamber of Commerce, Boy Scouts and civic clubs, held a bang-up affair, including a banquet. The five hundred veterans, their wives and sweethearts were then guests at a radio quiz show when \$2,500 in merchandise was awarded by the merchants of the city. Every veteran who did not receive a special prize—50 of which were supplied by the Elks—received one of the three hundred and fifty cartons of cigarettes furnished by the members of No. 502.

Right is a shot of the Minstrel Show put on by Salisbury, Md., Lodge for the benefit of the Peninsula General Hospital. E.R. Howard T. Richardson, a smash hit, is in the spotlight behind all the burnt cork.

Below is the class of sixty-five new members who were recently initiated into Clinton, Ia., Lodge.

MILFORD, MASS., Lodge, No. 628, gave a great welcome to quite a few important Elk officials recently. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, D.D. Duncan McLaughlin, State Secy.-Treas. Thomas F. Coppinger, Past State Pres. Mason McEwan, Col. Thomas Courtney, representing Gov. Maurice J. Tobin, and Rudolph King, State Registrar of Motor Vehicles, joined 20 Past Exalted Rulers of No. 628, former State officials and the remainder of the 250 members in honoring Charles F. Cahill, now serving his 43rd year as Secretary of the lodge. Mr. Cahill was given an engraved silver plaque and monetary gifts amounting to nearly \$600 at a testimonial banquet held in the lodge home.

GARY, IND., Lodge, No. 1152, initiated ninety men recently in the largest class in its history. Eighty-nine of them were Gary people and one hailed from Kalamazoo, Mich.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, lost its No. 1 charter member recently when, at the age of 83, Charles M. Bedell passed away in a Miami, Fla., hospital after an illness which lasted about four months.

A native of Waterloo, Mr. Bedell set up residence and a haberdashery business in Syracuse as a very young man, retiring in 1933. He found time to take a leading part in civic affairs and his work in the Order of Elks was quickly recognized. He was an honorary life member and was active in State and national affairs of this organization, holding the various chair offices in his lodge and acting as Exalted Ruler from 1889 to 1893.

Funeral services were held in Florida on July 23rd and the body was then shipped to Syracuse for private services on July 25th. Interment took place at the Oakwood Cemetery. Mr. Bedell is survived by his widow, his son, daughter and two grandchildren.





Above is a class of seventy-one members initiated into Danville, Va., Lodge on Past Exalted Rulers' Night.



Left is a photograph taken when approximately 300 local and visiting Elks watched the burning of the mortgage on the home of Hudson, N. Y., Lodge.

OHIO STATE ASSN. Charles E. Broughton of Sheboygan, Wis., recently elected Grand Exalted Ruler, addressed more than 700 diners at the banquet held in connection with the three-day Spring Conference of the Ohio State Elks Assn. April 27th at Zanesville.

P.D.D. Harold V. Tom acted as Toastmaster and introduced Mr. Broughton to the gathering, as well as General Chairman Fred L. Bohn, formerly of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, who presented several of the distinguished visitors including State Pres. Leslie G. Scrimger who gave a short talk on the organization's activities for the past year. Former Grand Esquire Joseph B. Kyle was also present.

State Chaplain Rev. C. A. Dowell gave the Invocation and Mayor William Watson welcomed the delegates to his city. Following the banquet a ball was held in the lodge home, with plenty of musical entertainment.

The activities of April 28th began with a business session at ten o'clock, followed by a luncheon meeting of the State's Past Exalted Rulers' Assn. with William H. Hermann, President of the P.E.R.'s Assn., in charge. A social program for the members and their ladies brought the conference to an end.

Conneaut Lodge's team won the Ritualistic Contest with a score of 94.71, taking possession of a trophy and plaque as well as a \$50 bill from the P.E.R.'s Assn. Hamilton Lodge's team took second place.

At noon on Saturday a civic luncheon with Don Hollingsworth presiding had as its principal speaker John Kennington, Chairman of Ohio Elks War Commission. At this time Mr. Broughton, on behalf of the Elks War Commission, presented Certificates of Appreciation for work done during the war to 77 Ohio lodges. In the afternoon tribute was paid to the late Past State Pres. A.

Clyde Reasoner when a memorial service was held at his grave. Numerous committee conferences took place throughout the day while the ladies were entertained at tea.

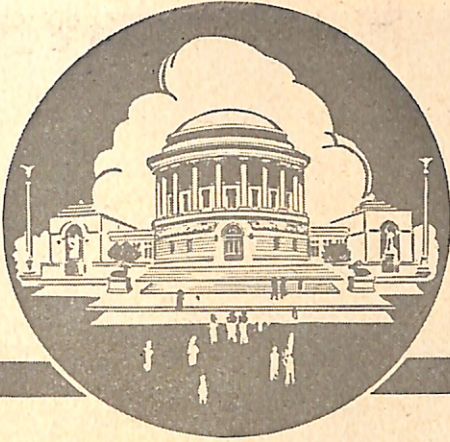
Ohio has a membership of approximately 45,000, with a gain of 4,000 expected for the year. More than \$500,000 has been invested in War Bonds and these Elks boast assets of over \$7,000,000, \$2,000,000 of which is in cash.

CLIFTON FORGE, VA., Lodge, No. 1065, initiated a large class in July in honor of Past State Pres. Morris L. Masinter of Roanoke, formerly of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, to show its appreciation for all he has done to assist the lodge. The affair drew a capacity crowd who heard an inspiring address delivered by the guest of honor.

Although No. 1065 is the smallest lodge in Virginia, it is looking forward to a large expansion and a modern new home in the very near future.

Below are new members of Minot, N. D., Lodge, the lodge officers and those who received twenty-five-year-membership awards.





Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen 1946-1947

GRAND EXALTED RULER

CHARLES E. BROUGHTON, Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge No. 299. 630-632 Wisconsin Avenue

GRAND ESTEEMED LEADING KNIGHT

EMMETT T. ANDERSON, Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174. 756-758 Commerce Street, Tacoma 2, Wash.

GRAND ESTEEMED LOYAL KNIGHT

GEORGE STRAUSS, Corpus Christi, Tex., Lodge, No. 1628. Box 333

GRAND ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT

DANIEL E. CROWLEY, Biddeford-Saco (Biddeford), Me., Lodge, No. 1597. 246 Elm Street, Biddeford, Me.

GRAND SECRETARY

J. E. MASTERS, (Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494) Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago 14, Ill.

GRAND TREASURER

JOHN F. BURKE, Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. 40 Court Street, Boston 8, Mass.

GRAND TILER

WILLIAM DUFFIELD, Canton, Ill., Lodge, No. 626.

GRAND INNER GUARD

CLIFFORD HUSS, Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719. 2343 Kiesel Avenue

GRAND CHAPLAIN

REVEREND GEORGE L. NUCKOLLS, Gunnison, Colo., Lodge, No. 1623

GRAND ESQUIRE

F. T. GARESCHKE, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142.

SECRETARY TO GRAND EXALTED RULER

ROY C. HEINLEIN, (Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333) 630-632 Wisconsin Avenue, Sheboygan, Wis.

BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES

JOHN E. DRUMMEY, *Chairman*, Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. 1702 Broadway, Seattle 22, Wash.

GEORGE I. HALL, *Vice-Chairman and Secretary*, (Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515) 21 West Street Building, New York 6, N. Y.

SAM STERN, *Approving Member*, Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260.

HUGH W. HICKS, *Home Member*, Jackson, Tenn., Lodge, No. 192. The First National Bank

HOWARD R. DAVIS, *Member*, Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173. Grit Publishing Company, Williamsport 3, Pa.

GRAND FORUM

ALLEN B. HANNAY, *Chief Justice*, Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151. 330 Post Office Building, Houston 2, Tex.

L. A. LEWIS, (Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1845) 1017 Citizens National Bank Building, Los Angeles 13, Calif.

CLYDE E. JONES, Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge, No. 347, Union Bank & Trust Company Building.

ALTO ADAMS, (Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520) Supreme Court of Florida, Tallahassee, Fla.

BENJAMIN F. WATSON, Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196. 311 American State Savings Bank Building

COMMITTEE ON JUDICIARY

ROBERT S. FARRELL, Jr., *Chairman*, (Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142) Capitol Building, Salem, Ore.

J. C. TRAVIS, Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39. 618 Keeline Building

EARL E. JAMES, Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge, No. 417. 701 Perrine Building

THOMAS F. DOUGHERTY, Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253

J. FRANK UMSTOT, Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708. 211-212 Stovall Professional Building, Tampa 2, Fla.

COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

LEONARD M. LIPPETT, *Chairman*, McKeesport, Pa., Lodge, No. 136 1828 Beach Street

JOHN J. NUGENT, Ansonia, Conn., Lodge, No. 1269

AMBROSE A. DURKIN, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15

E. B. LESUEUR, Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53

VINCENT J. CLARKE, Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542

WILLIAM P. FALLEY, St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, No. 59

ROBERT SUGAR, Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122

LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

BERT A. THOMPSON, *Chairman*, Green Bay, Wis., Lodge, No. 259. Box 1

CYRIL A. KREMSEY, Lakewood, O., Lodge, No. 1350. 14018 Detroit

Avenue

GEORGE A. SWALBACH, Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24. 345 Central

Avenue, Rochester 5, N. Y.

EDWARD A. DUTTON, Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183. 31 Commercial

Building

CLIFTON B. MUDD, Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336

AUDITING COMMITTEE

ARTHUR L. ALLEN, *Chairman*, Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, No. 90

OLIVER C. JOHNSON, Augusta, Kans., Lodge, No. 1462

H. D. MAYNARD, Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015

STATE ASSOCIATIONS COMMITTEE

JAMES A. BRESNAHAN, *Chairman*, Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847

ED. D. BAIRD, Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310. Box 2006

FRANK A. SMALL, St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541. 613 State Street

MURRAY B. SHELTON, (Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289) 265 Grant

Avenue, Jersey City 5, N. J.

LESTER C. HESS, Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28

NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

BRUCE A. CAMPBELL, *Chairman*, East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664.

First National Bank Building

JOHN R. COEN, *Vice-Chairman*, (Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1836)

Midland Savings Building, Denver, Colo.

JOHN S. MCLELLAND, *Secretary*, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78. 218

Court House, Atlanta 3, Ga.

JAMES R. NICHOLSON, *Treasurer and Managing Director*, (Springfield,

Mass., Lodge, No. 61) 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

MICHAEL F. SHANNON, *Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer*,

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. Citizens National Bank Build-

ing, Los Angeles 13, Calif.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

JOHN F. MALLEY, *Chairman*, (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) 16

Court Street, Boston 8, Mass.

RAYMOND BENJAMIN, *Vice-Chairman*, (Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832)

Newtown Avenue and Crooked Mile, R.F.D. No. 3, Westport,

Conn.

FLOYD E. THOMPSON, *Secretary*, (Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556) 11

South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Ill.

MURRAY HULBERT, *Treasurer*, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. 2201

U. S. Court House

EDWARD RIGHTOR, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30. 1340 Canal Bank

Building, New Orleans 12, La.

CHARLES H. GRAKELOW, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2. Broad Street

at Cumberland

ROBERT S. BARRETT, (Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758) 404 Duke

Street, Ocean Grove, N. J.

ELKS NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

JAMES T. HALLINAN, *Chairman*, (Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No.

878) Room 606, 292 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

HENRY C. WARNER, *Vice-Chairman*, Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779

EDWARD J. MCCORMICK, *Secretary*, Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53. 510-511

Ohio Bank Building, Toledo 4, O.

DAVID SHOLTZ, *Treasurer*, (Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141)

Savoy-Plaza Hotel, 58th Street & Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

E. MARK SULLIVAN, *Assistant Treasurer*, Boston, Mass., Lodge, No.

10. 209 Washington Street, Boston 8, Mass.

FRANK J. LONERGAN, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. Suite 1022,

Corbett Building

WADE H. KEPNER, Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28. 1808 Chapline

Street

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the subordinate lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded

to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title 1, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the home, address Hugh W. Hicks, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees. The First National Bank, Jackson, Tenn.



Courtesy "Portland Press Herald"

Above: John J. Flaherty receives the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Award from Past State Pres. C. Dwight Stevens in the presence of other Maine State Elk officials at the home of Portland Lodge, Grand Est. Lect. Knight D. E. Crowley stands at right.

NORTH CAROLINA

With 297 delegates and visitors registered, the members of Wilmington Lodge No. 532 had the largest Convention in the history of the North Carolina State Elks Assn. to take care of June 27th and 28th. It might be added here that they managed it beautifully. During the session members and their wives enjoyed boat rides on the Cape Fear River and bathing and fishing at Wrightsville and Carolina beaches.

Representatives from 24 of the 27 member lodges heard State Secy. Ed. W. Davis, chairman of a committee to raise \$9,000 to retire the mortgage on the fine N. C. Elks Boys' Camp near Hendersonville, disclose the fact that the campaign had netted \$8,097.10 and was being continued.

The host lodge gave a banquet the opening night at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz presented Elks War Commission awards to those lodges which cooperated 100% during the war years, and Chairman Howard R. Davis of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee delivered an eloquent address. Dancing was enjoyed later.

The Chairman of the Camp's Board of Governors, B. A. Whitmire, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, gave a report on the first year of the Camp. He reported that 251 children stayed there in 1945 and that arrangements had been completed to take care of 300 this year. Secy. Davis announced that the lodges had expended \$43,970.07 in charitable activities and that since the last Convention six new lodges had been instituted, with the State's total membership more than 6,000.

The new officers for the Association are: Pres., B. A. Whitmire, Hendersonville; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Sheriff C. David Jones, Wilmington; Vice-Pres.'s: East, John W. Glover, Greenville; Central, J. Fred Richardson, Winston, and West, Karl C. Miller, Charlotte; Secy., Ed. W. Davis, Wilson, and Treas., J. M. Underwood, Gastonia. Retiring State President Thad Eure, Raleigh, was

elected Trustee for three years and J. Max Rawlins, Greensboro, was elected Trustee to fill the unexpired term of Sheriff Jones. Past State Pres., Dr. W. A. Sams, Asheville, is the Association's third Trustee. The new President, Mr. Whitmire, then named 31 members to the nine busy committees of the Association.

The Wilmington Elks served a buffet luncheon the closing day, after the delegates had chosen Charlotte Lodge No. 392 to be host for the 1947 session and Winston (Winston-Salem) Lodge No. 449, whose team won the annual Ritualistic Contest, was awarded the Fall business meeting.

TEXAS

San Antonio Lodge No. 216 was extremely busy June 20th, 21st and 22nd when 500 delegates registered for the 1946 meeting of the State Elks Association, representing 33 of the 35 Texas lodges.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett of Alexandria, Va., addressed the Convention on the 21st and a big feature of the session was the inspection trip made to Ottine, where the Texas Elks have completed the first unit, at a cost of \$300,000, of their Crippled Children's Hospital for the treatment of polio victims. The Hospital will be dedicated officially in the Fall, but a brief ceremony took place that day. M. A. deBettencourt, Chairman of the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Institution Committee, presided and Dr. Barrett, Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight George W. Loudermilk, and Mrs. N. C. Wilcox, daughter of Secretary-Treasurer Walter G. Jones of the Institution Committee, and many others attended. Mrs. Wilcox made a special

trip to New York to speak on behalf of the Hospital before the Grand Lodge Convention.

San Antonio Lodge's home was the center of all activities. A banquet for Past State Presidents was held June 19th, with Open House the night of the 20th, a Ladies' Cocktail Party Friday, and a dance and floor show Friday evening. Saturday night the Ball honoring the President wound up the meeting.

The Scholarship Award Contest was won by Paul Kelly, Galveston, \$300; Anette Stewart, San Benito, \$200, and Ray McFarland, Houston, \$50. Tri-Cities Lodge No. 1649 took top honors in the Ritualistic Contest; Fort Worth No. 124, second, and Odessa No. 1630, third.

Texas' new State officers are: Pres., Floyd B. Ford, Dallas; Vice-Pres.'s: Paul Boxwell, Amarillo; Harlan W. Phillips, Ranger; Don H. Getty, Houston; Barney Myers, Corpus Christi, and W. R. Beaumier, Lufkin; Treas., J. J. Duggan, Port Arthur; Secy., H. S. Rubenstein, Brenham; Trustee for one year, W. W. Stein, Laredo; Trustee for five years, H. V. Tull, Plainview; Trustees for the Crippled Children's Institution: C. B. McConnell, Wichita Falls, (seven years), and J. A. Bergfeld, Tyler (eight years). Officers appointed by Pres. Ford were: Chaplain, Rev. P. Walter Henckell, Tri-Cities; Tiler, Dr. W. Hugh Warren, San Antonio; Sgt.-at-Arms, Willis O. Moore, Fort Worth, and Chairman of the Advisory Committee for the Hospital, Raymond L. Wright, Houston.

The 1947 Convention will take place at Fort Worth.

At this meeting Mr. Getty, on behalf of his lodge, presented a check in the amount of \$10,525.12 to the Institution to cover the balance on No. 151's quota of \$62,500 for the Hospital.

News of The STATE ASSOCIATIONS

MARYLAND, DELAWARE and DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The first Convention in three years was held by the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association in Frederick, Md., from August 11th to the 14th. Over 1,500 members were present to hear the address of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett who made a plea to the Association to start a Tri-State boys' camp, and presented a personal check for \$1,000 for this purpose to prove his sincerity. Individual and lodge subscriptions followed immediately and \$10,000 was realized. The 9,000 members of the Tri-State Elks Association have always been deeply interested in helping the youth of our country and feel that this is a great step toward filling a vital need.

The capital of this nation will be the Association's Convention city in 1947, and the following officers will take care of things until that time: Pres., R. Herbert Ricketts, Towson, Md.; 1st Vice-Pres., John S. Miller, Frederick, Md.; 2nd Vice-Pres., Ralph Mathias, Pocomoke City, Md.; 3rd Vice-Pres., George F. Davis, Washington, D.C.; 4th Vice-Pres., Harold Jenkins, Frostburg, Md.; Secy., R. Edward Dove, Annapolis, Md., and Treas., Harry I. Stegmaier, Cumberland, Md.

NEVADA

The 22nd annual Convention of the Nevada State Elks Association was held at Ely June 7th and 8th with delegates from Reno, Tonopah, Goldfield, Las Vegas, Ely, Elko and the new lodge at Boulder City on hand. The chartering of a new lodge, Hawthorne No. 1704, was announced, thereby giving the State its second within a year, the first increase since 1923.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles, Calif., D. D. Frank Gusewelle of Las Vegas, Nev., and P.E.R. W. B. Roberts of Salt Lake City, Utah, were out-of-town guests of the Association. The last mentioned visitor acted as judge in the Ritualistic Contest in which Ely defeated Elko and walked away with all but one of the individual trophies.

A banquet was given by the host lodge, Ely No. 1469, on June 7th when Mr. Shannon spoke eloquently to about 175 members.

A revised constitution was presented at a business session and adopted, subject to Grand Lodge approval, changes being incorporated to make the position of Secretary-Treasurer elective and to require the President and Vice-President to be Past Exalted Rulers. Officers elected at this meeting were: Pres., Joseph P. Haller, Reno; and, reelected: Vice-Pres., S. W. Comish, Elko, and Trustee, O. K. Adcock, Las Vegas. R. E. Burns of Elko was elected Sergeant-at-Arms. The officers were installed by P.E.R. Don Shaver of Ely, at the request of Pres. Arthur O'Connor, and the principal activity discussed by the delegates was Association aid for crippled children. Reno Lodge's representatives announced that they had a fund of \$1,000 raised, and challenged other lodges, with the exception of the two newest, to raise an equal amount or \$5,000 by next year's Convention, which Reno Lodge would then match. The idea behind all this is to build and equip a crippled children's hospital in the State. Reno Lodge will entertain the delegates to the 1947 meeting next Spring.

"...To Build, with Volunteers, the Army of Peace..."

In accepting the War Department's invitation to participate in the campaign for recruiting a strong, alert Regular Army of volunteers, the Grand Lodge adopted this resolution, July 10, 1946:

RESOLVED: that the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks hereby endorse and commends the action of the Elks War Commission in enlisting the Order in this peacetime service, no less essential and patriotic than any rendered in war, and recommends it to all subordinate lodges as a major patriotic activity, and urges that it be carried on with the same efficiency, zeal and co-operative spirit that made the wartime recruiting campaigns engaged in by the Order outstanding examples of patriotic endeavor.

THE B.P.O.E. knows how to get things done, and every member can join with whole-hearted enthusiasm in this effort.

The finest young men of America will find in the new peacetime Regular Army opportunities never offered before. They will work with the most modern scientific equipment; learn valuable skills and trades; travel in foreign countries and enjoy other educational advantages, as they lay the foundations for future careers.

They will be the best-paid soldiers in the world, besides having good food, clothing, housing and medical care — and the benefits of a retirement plan without an equal anywhere.

It takes good men — physically and mentally — to measure up to the standards of this new Army. Intelligence and ability will be rewarded by unusual opportunities for advancement. Enlistments are open to qualified men 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent). Full details are available at the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station.

Listen to "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail," and Major Football Broadcasts on your radio.

NEW, HIGHER PAY FOR ARMY MEN

In Addition to Food, Lodging, Clothes and Medical Care

	Starting Base Pay Per Month	MONTHLY RETIREMENT INCOME AFTER:	
		20 Years' Service	30 Years' Service
Master Sergeant or First Sergeant	\$165.00	\$107.25	\$185.63
Technical Sergeant	135.00	87.75	151.88
Staff Sergeant . . .	115.00	74.75	129.38
Sergeant	100.00	65.00	112.50
Corporal	90.00	58.50	101.25
Private First Class .	80.00	52.00	90.00
Private	75.00	48.75	84.38

In Addition to Column One of the Above: 20% Increase for Service Overseas. 50% Increase if Member of Flying or Glider Crews. 5% Increase in Pay for Each 3 Years of Service May Be Added.

A GOOD JOB FOR YOU
U. S. Army
CHOOSE THIS
FINE PROFESSION NOW!

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE

NORTH DAKOTA

This year's Convention of the North Dakota State Elks Association took place at Mandan May 30th with a great many distinguished guests on tap, including Secretary and Home Member George I. Hall, Lynbrook, N. Y., and Approving Member Sam Stern, Fargo, of the Board of Grand Trustees, and D.D. Mack V. Traynor, Devils Lake.

At ten a.m. a parade attracted a great deal of interest, following which the delegates convened and got down to business. Among other things it was decided to ratify the purchase of Camp Grassick at the price of \$7,500. The Camp will be owned by the Association and operated by the State Health Department. The representatives of the North Dakota lodges also decided that Fargo will be the 1947 Convention City.

The officers elected were: Pres., George McKenzie, Dickinson; Vice-Pres., Mack V. Traynor, Devils Lake; Treas., Alec Rawitscher, Williston; Secy., E. A. Reed, Jamestown; Trustee for five years, A. C. Pagenkopf, Dickinson, and Tiler, George Upright, Bismarck.

At the close of the business session over 500 members and guests were entertained at a banquet when Mr. Hall delivered an impressive message, after which everyone trooped over to the Memorial Hall and enjoyed a dance arranged by the efficient Committees of the host lodge, Mandan No. 1256.

The North Dakota lodges are in excellent financial condition, and all have paid in full the Honorary Founders' Subscriptions to the Elks National Foundation as well as per capita contributions to the Elks War Commission.

INDIANA

Michigan City Lodge No. 432 put on a great show for the more than 1,320 delegates to the 1946 Convention of the Indiana State Elks Association held June 7th, 8th and 9th. A diversified program, under the able Convention Chairman, Nate Winski, P.E.R., and his committee, was arranged so that everyone enjoyed his stay to the utmost. Of course, the Indiana Elks Chanters were, happily, very much in evidence.

Past State Pres. Harry E. McClain, formerly of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, gave a fine memorial address at the meeting Friday morning and Miss Dorothy Weddle of New

Castle, was presented with the first prize of \$300 in the Association's "Most Valuable Student" contest by Past Grand Esquire Joseph B. Kyle.

In the Ritualistic Contest, Gary Lodge No. 1152 took first prize of \$75, given by the Association, and South Bend No. 235 claimed second honors, taking a \$50 prize which was also donated by the Association. Michigan City Lodge put up \$25 as the third prize, which was won by Vincennes Lodge No. 291.

At the Memorial Services Sunday, June 9th, and open to the public which came in droves, Governor Ralph F. Gates, a member of Columbia City Lodge, was the principal speaker. Distinguished guests at the Convention included Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Executive Secretary Frank P. White of the Illinois State Elks Crippled Children's Commission, Frank A. Small, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and many other prominent visitors, many of whom came from as far as California.

The new officers are: Pres., Paul G. Jasper, Fort Wayne; Vice-Pres.'s: Dr. A. A. Pielemeier, Vincennes; Simpson Stoner, Greencastle; Robert L. DeHority, Elwood, and Roy Jorg, Ligonier; Secy., C. L. Shideler, Terre Haute; Treas., E. L. Adair, Crawfordsville; Chaplain, Rev. John Dillon, Lafayette; Tiler, P. W. Loveland, Jeffersonville, and Sgt.-at-Arms, Al Schlorch, South Bend. The Trustees are: Jere Goodman, Linton, one year; Thos. E. Burke, Lafayette, two years; Cecil Rappe, Union City, three years; Walter Easley, Greensburg, four years, and Dr. Wm. A. Hart, Michigan City, five years.

IOWA

On June 14, 15 and 16 the Iowa Elks Association held its annual Convention at Burlington, with the first day devoted to Flag Day exercises held in conjunction with the local American Legion Post 52.

The following day the official meeting opened at 1:30 p.m. with approximately

The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Convention Dates for 1946

Association	City	Date
California	Los Angeles	October 9-11
Vermont	St. Johnsbury	October 18-19

200 delegates in attendance, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson and Henry C. Warner. At this session reports were read by Chairman Weston Jones of the Iowa Elks War Commission which did such a wonderful job throughout the war years, and is still very active in aiding veterans. It is hoped that the Iowa Elks Commission will provide \$18,000 next year—of which \$6,000 will be used for Juvenile Service work. The committee for the latter activity also gave a fine report on its affairs.

In the Ritualistic Contest held during the meeting, Boone Lodge placed first, Muscatine second and Decorah third. Another item of interest was the presentation of the \$300 check to Eugene V. Krogmeier of Fort Madison, who won first prize in the Iowa State Best Student Award contest which was entered by 15 students. Mr. Krogmeier also won one of the \$200 prizes in the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest.

Officers elected for the coming year were: Pres., Leo P. Ronan, Decorah; Vice-Pres.'s: F. P. Daly, Atlantic; H. J. Schmidt, Ames; Howard B. Weaver, Des Moines; Treas., A. P. Lee, Marshalltown; Secy., Sanford H. Schmalz, Muscatine, and Trustee for three years, George Schaffhauser, Dubuque. Approximately 1,500 people were served at a banquet held in the Burlington Municipal auditorium at 7 p.m. with V. O. Dickson, Chairman of the Convention, acting as Toastmaster. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Warner both addressed the diners. A stupendous floor show followed and at 10 o'clock everyone returned to the home of Burlington Lodge No. 84 and danced to the tunes of Carroll Baker's orchestra.

The last day of the Convention was taken up with a 10 a.m. round-table discussion for Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, and at 2 p. m., the winning Ritualistic Team from Boone Lodge initiated a large class into the host lodge.

No decision was made as to the location of the 1947 Convention.

ILLINOIS

The 43rd annual Convention of the Illinois State Elks Assn. held at the Hotel Stevens in Chicago May 24th, 25th, and 26th was considered by far the most successful ever held. All sessions were



Left: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett is pictured with Mrs. N. C. Wilcox at the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Hospital at Ottine, during the recent meeting of the Texas State Elks Association.



largely attended by the 488 official delegates and intense interest was shown in all proceedings.

The first business session was called to order at ten a.m. May 25th by State Pres. Marcus M. Archer and the Invocation was pronounced by H. M. Legg of Pontiac Lodge. Following the recital of the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag Judge Gutnecht welcomed the delegates to his city on behalf of Mayor Edward J. Kelly, a member of Chicago Lodge No. 4, who was out of town. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson of Moline Lodge responded in his usual gracious manner. After the opening ceremonies were concluded the State officers gave a brief review of the past year, pointing out the growth and progress of the Association. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner of Dixon read the report of Treas. Fred P. Hill who was hospitalized at the time.

On Saturday evening the south ballroom of the Stevens Hotel was the scene of a gala banquet at which some 500 members and ladies were present. Mr. Warner was toastmaster on this occasion and introduced, among others, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell who delivered a splendid address. It was on this occasion that Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Elks National Foundation, presented a \$300 check to Richard L. Peppers of Belleville, as first prize in the scholastic award contest. Dr. H. J. Raley, of Harrisburg, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, presented to Dr. Archer, retiring State President, a beautiful diamond ring in recognition of his splendid record for the past year.

The Ritualistic Contest was concluded Saturday afternoon and Sycamore Lodge ran off with the first prize; Evanston took second honors and Danville, third. Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the State Elks Crippled Children's Commission, presented the cup to the championship team.

At the final session held on Sunday the election of officers took place. They are: Pres., R. Byron Zea, Mommouth; Vice-Pres.-at-Large: N. H. Feder, Belleville; Secy., S. A. Thompson, Macomb, and Treas., Wm. S. Wolff, Pontiac. Following the Memorial Services and the installation of these new officers, the Convention adjourned.



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P.A.* means Pipe Appeal—
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P.A. means Prince Albert

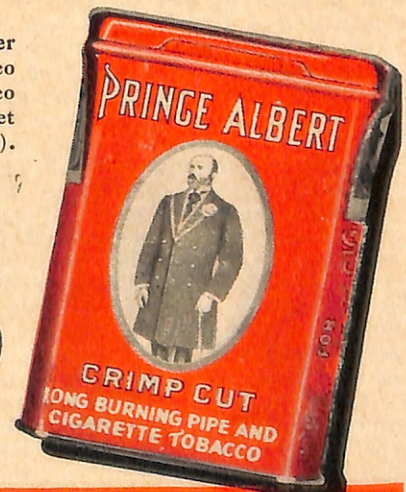
Tongue bite is no fun. Page P. A. if that's ever happened to you. It's the "no bite" treated tobacco . . . gentle to your tongue. Rich, he-man tobacco flavor . . . crimp cut too, for cool, even burning. Get P. A. (Pipe Appeal) with P. A. (Prince Albert).

Great for roll-your-owns. Clings to the paper. No mess, no spilling. Twirls up into a firm, smooth cigarette.

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MY TONGUE'S MIGHTY GRATEFUL FOR P.A.'S GENTLE MILDNESS. TONGUE-EASY FOR CERTAIN!



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

The Need of the Moment

(Continued from page 5)

peace (that is, the absence of war) would have ensued. He would have laid down the rules to govern the conduct of the people of conquered nations, and his cohorts would have enforced those rules. Perhaps the United States is at the moment so powerful that it could adopt, and successfully accomplish, a similar project for subduing and governing the world; but it is unthinkable that we should do this. Our entire history and tradition is against it. We will not attempt to enforce world peace by conquering and holding in subjection all those who disagree with our policies. Indeed, it would seem that humanity has progressed in its thinking to a point where peace through conquest is no longer admissible.

Secondly, the growth of the doctrine of the integrity and dignity of each human being and the experience of the association of free men in a democratic management of their common concerns seems to point the way to the only practicable form of government embracing the peoples of various nations. In other words, government by common consent or agreement of the individuals constituting the society seems now to be the only possible method of insuring law, order and consequent peace.

It may be said that we have had consensual arrangements or agreements in the past which have not secured us against war and therefore it is futile to talk of agreements for the future. But the vice of any such argument is that these have been agreements called treaties, between so-called sovereign nation-states. Ever since nation-states came into existence the accepted doctrine has been that each of them was sovereign. By that term it was meant that no rule or law governed the conduct of any nation. Indeed, the doctrine goes further and holds that no agreement binds a nation. As amongst nations, therefore, there has been no society. "The society of nations" is a misnomer. Each nation has been comparable to a savage living in a community which had no law, no court, no police force; where only the good disposition of a man or his agreement, which he could repudiate whenever he felt like it, prevented his unjustifiably attacking another. In such an aggregate, whether of men or of nations, the only protection against aggression is the possession of superior force.

After World War I a great idealist and leader of public opinion, Woodrow Wilson, sought to bind the nations of the world in an association pursuant to a covenant that should outlaw war. But the League of Nations, which was formed pursuant

to his initiative, was not a covenant or agreement between man and man, but an agreement between nation and nation. In other words, it was a multilateral treaty. It had all the defects of a treaty, because it recognized the covenanting nation-states as units possessing all the sovereignty which they possessed before they signed the covenant, and competent therefore to disregard their plighted word.

What was the penalty which was sought to be imposed for such disregard? The penalty was war upon the recalcitrant nation by the other members of the League. The League, therefore, continued to recognize the use of force, but it attempted to make resort to force effective by binding all the member nations to join together in war against a single nation. The difficulty here was the same old difficulty which confronts every league of sovereign nations. When the exigency arose, some of the nations who were bound to join in restraining a nation violating the covenant might refrain, and if they were large and powerful enough, their abstention from fulfilling their obligation would completely nullify any action on the part of the League members as a body.

This is what happened in the case of the violations by Italy and Japan. The most powerful nations in the League refused to move. The little nations, however unanimous in their view of the necessity for action, were powerless without the cooperation of the most powerful members of the League. It resulted that Italy and Japan pursued their aggressive plans without let or hindrance from the League.

WE HAVE but just concluded a far more devastating and bloody war than the first World War. We have faced the task of insuring a peaceful world with the lessons of history and its previous failures an open book before us. Even prior to the conclusion of hostilities, our own nation initiated conferences to organize an instrumentality for preserving world peace after the war should end. The result was a conference at San Francisco of all the allies and nations friendly to them, in an effort to create an effective world organization. That conference agreed upon the United Nations Charter.

When that instrument was submitted, we were told that it held out a reasonable hope of security, world order and peace. But analysis of its provisions will demonstrate that it does not afford security against aggression, which is essential to world peace. Like its predecessor, the Covenant of the League of Nations, it

is a multilateral treaty between sovereign independent nations. And comparison of its provisions with those of the Covenant of the League and those of the Articles of Confederation under which our own thirteen States operated from 1777 to 1787, will demonstrate that, of the three leagues, it is the weakest. The States surrendered more to the Continental Congress in the Articles of Confederation than the nations surrendered in the League Covenant or the United Nations Charter. The League Covenant contained more drastic provisions than the Charter. Article 16 of the former provided that if any member of the League should go to war with any other member, all the remaining members of the League should, *ipso facto*, be at war with the aggressor. The Charter has no such provisions.

It must be remembered that the Charter is not a frame of government. It sets up no agency or body to make rules for the government either of the nations who are its members or of the people of those nations. And it is the essence of government that the representatives of the citizens should announce beforehand the rules of conduct that are to be obeyed, so that all may know and comply with the rules. In contrast, the Charter merely provides that if any nation commits aggression or is guilty of conduct tending to create a breach of the peace, the Security Council may impose economic or military sanctions upon it. The Charter does not define what shall constitute aggression or conduct threatening a breach of the peace. The Security Council must formulate its own definitions. Moreover, the Security Council is not to act until a conflagration has actually broken out or is immediately threatened, and even then the Council can act only by calling upon the member nations either to join in economic sanctions or to supply quotas of military force to be at the Council's disposal. A failure of any substantial proportion of the membership to fulfill its obligations in answer to the Council's call will leave the Organization powerless to function.

More than this, the Council cannot impose sanctions except by the unanimous vote of five of its nation members—China, France, Russia, Britain and the United States. The Charter definitely so declares. The provision of the veto power, however, is not the serious feature of the situation. Such veto power could be effectively exercised by Russia, Britain or the United States, whether the Charter so provided or not. Holding in mind the fact that the United Nations Charter is a multilateral treaty

entered into by sovereign nations, it is clear that if any of those sovereign nations dissents from the views of the other members of the Security Council and withholds its cooperation, the Organization cannot, as an organization, take affirmative action.

The truth is, therefore, that the framers of the Charter consciously created a triple alliance between Britain, Russia and the United States. I say this because, although China and France are also given a veto power against any proposed action in respect of sanctions, it seems obvious that neither they nor either one of them could effectively set up their views against a unanimous decision of the three first-named powers. The framers of the Charter therefore intended that the operations of the United Nations in the security field were to be controlled by the three most powerful member nations.

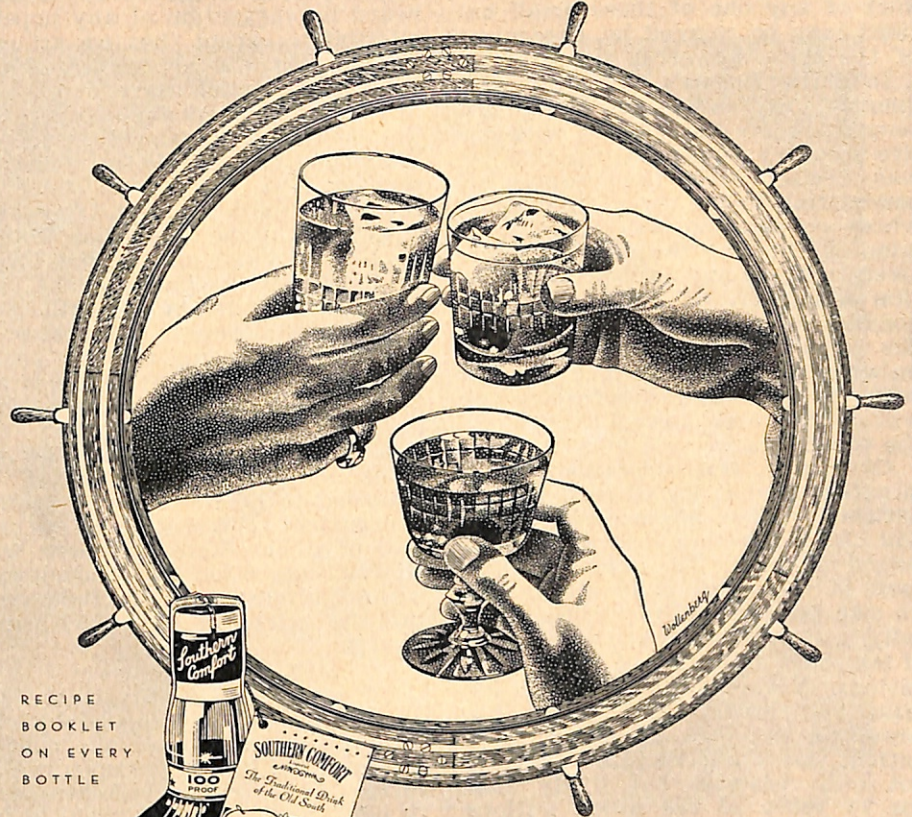
Several results flow from this unquestioned fact. In the first place, the smaller nations, each of which has a vote in the Assembly, a non-legislative body, and five of which have membership in the Security Council, are wholly without a voice in implementing the security powers of the Council. They must go along. In the second place, no effective action can be taken by the United Nations against any one of the five great powers who are permanent members of the Council. In the third place, the scheme inevitably tends to the building of spheres of influence by the three great nations who fought the war as allies. If a smaller nation be within the sphere of influence or under the protection of any one of the three great powers, and that smaller nation be accused of aggressive conduct, it will look to its patron permanent member of the Security Council for support. Although all the other members of the Security Council may desire the imposition of sanctions, the powerful friend of the little aggressor can protect it by voting against any effective measure.

The final conclusion must be that what the United Nations has provided is a grand alliance of the three most powerful nations in the world; that peace may be enforced by the threat of warlike action on the part of the United Nations against any member or non-member nation so long as the three great allies are in agreement respecting the use of such force; but that if any one of the three is in disagreement, the Organization cannot function as such, and the member nations are remitted to such course as would have been open to them had the United Nations never been organized. This means that if one of the three allies exercises its veto, the nations who are parties to the dispute must either settle the dispute by recourse to diplomacy, as heretofore, or must resort to the arbitrament of arms.

It should also be remarked that the Organization lacks even the most rudimentary features of a democ-



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racism. A horde of small nations which the Charter piously declares to be sovereign and of equal dignity with all the other members, is completely excluded from any effective participation in the security measures of the United Nations. And the conduct of any one of these small nations may be coerced by agreement of the three powerful allies.

In truth, Russia's contention frequently expressed or suggested seems to state the position with entire accuracy, thus: that the Charter was devised with the purpose of committing to the three great allies whose cooperation was effective in winning the war the duty cooperatively, without any outside participation whatever, of controlling the conduct of all the other nations of the world and of dictating the terms on which those nations may live one with the other, and of enforcing the will of the three powerful allies on the world as a whole.

Of course, the weakness of the situation is that an alliance of this nature never has, and probably never will, hold together for any great length of time. The temptation to each of the allies is to strengthen its own position militarily, economically, and otherwise, at the expense of the other allies and of the smaller nations. National consciousness, so-called patriotism, the desire for power on the part of leaders in a nation, and other factors render it not only possible but likely that one or more of the allied nations will not act in a disinterested view of the welfare of the world at large, but will pursue short-term selfish objectives thought beneficial to themselves, irrespective of the detriment they may inflict on the peoples of other nations.

If such an alliance is to last and is justly to administer the great trust imposed in it, there is need for an unselfishness and a beneficent vision of world welfare which, unfortunately, has been wholly lacking in the narrow nationalistic conduct of nation-states in the past. We see the seeds of controversy which we hope may not blossom into total disagreement in such national demands as that of the United States for exclusive ownership and control of certain Pacific islands, the United States' demand for bases in Iceland and elsewhere; the Russian demands with respect to Trieste, to Tripolitania, to the Dardanelles; the British contention with respect to the Danube, the implementation of the Potsdam agreement respecting the administration of German territory, and a host of other matters which need not be mentioned.

Once a major matter of so-called national security or national interest splits the allies, the United Nations cannot meet the situation as an organization. In that event, one or more of the allies must take a stand entirely outside the orbit of the association and must make good its position, either by diplomatic exchanges with its ally or, in the last

resort, by the threat to use force to effectuate its demands.

If, as seems clear, United Nations does not supply the required instrument of international security, is there any such instrument available to the people of the world? I have heard no suggestion of any hopeful alternative except that we attempt to build on the experience of the federations which have functioned in various quarters for many years. The outstanding example is our own federation created by the Constitution in 1787. Others are those of the Swiss Cantons, of the Canadian Provinces, of the Australian States, of New Zealand and of the Union of South Africa. Badly as the confederation created by the Articles of Agreement between the States in 1777 worked during the war years, it worked far worse after the stress of war had ended. It became evident to thinking men throughout the United States that at least the Articles of Confederation must be amended to create a more effective government representing all the citizens of all the States. We now hear similar suggestions for amendment, without alteration of the fundamental character, of United Nations Charter.

BUT when the Constitutional Convention met in Philadelphia, its members soon reached the conclusion that a drastic change in the form of the federal government must be made and that amendment of the existing Articles would not eliminate the defects inherent in a mere multi-lateral treaty between sovereign states. They abandoned the attempt to amend the Articles and started to draw a different frame of government, based upon a different theory, which became the Constitution of the United States.

After the Boer War South Africa consisted of separate colonies which were at each other's throats. It looked as if war between these colonies was inevitable. The same principle of federation which had been adopted in America was invoked, with the result that the Union of South Africa has functioned as a federal government, knitting together the people of the separate colonies. Under the Swiss Federation a larger measure of local autonomy exists than in any federation, and yet the federal government has held together and served all the people of Switzerland, though of diverse languages and races.

Can this principle of federation be the answer to the need to create law for the protection of the fundamental human interests of people of existing nations? There are many who believe that if the people of various nations, and especially the people of the United States, earnestly desire to enter into such a federation to create a limited system of federal law applicable to the individual citizens of the federated nations, the difficulties of devising a constitution for such a federation, admittedly

great, can be met and resolved, as they were by the representatives of the various States in convention in 1787. The result would be the creation of an international agency of limited powers having legislative, judicial and executive powers for making and enforcing rules of conduct on the individuals constituting the citizenship of the federation. Its powers would be limited to those fields wherein no single nation is competent to act to bind the people of other nations. Local self-government and the disposition of all matters not vitally affecting individual citizens of other constituent nations would be left to the nations embraced in the union.

No one has suggested any other form of international union which can effectively deal with armaments, with breaches of the peace and with other conduct which, if pursued, will ultimately threaten security and the life of the citizens of other nations. The representative assembly of such a union will make laws by the votes of its members. It may make laws that do not satisfy the people of this or that constituent nation. That is a risk that must be taken by those who enter into a representative government. But that risk is to be balanced against the graver risk of international war, with all it now implies.

There are other risks in entering into a union with the peoples of other nations. I do not blink them or minimize them, but I need not catalog them, for, as I have said, all of them are to be set over against the one terrible risk of an atomic invasion by some aggressor nation, resulting from the disintegration of the alliance we call the United Nations. I submit that the latter risk is far the greater. If we do not believe in the representative principle; if we do not believe that, on the whole, peace, order and public welfare are served by government rather than by uncontrolled and independent nationalistic action, let us abandon our own form of federation and turn to the rule of force known as fascism or dictatorship. If we do believe in the principle, we ought to have the courage to practice it.

What then needs to be done to procure international order under a just administration of equal laws? The first and fundamental requirement is that the overwhelming majority of the American people should be convinced, first, that the system we have, called United Nations, is not an adequate system of security against international conflict; secondly, that regulation of armaments and of aggressive acts and attitudes on the part of any person or persons of whatever nationality can only be regulated, and infractions of the rules presented or punished, by a government representative of all the people within its sphere—a government competent to make, on behalf of all the people, just laws, and competent to interpret through its courts and enforce through its executive

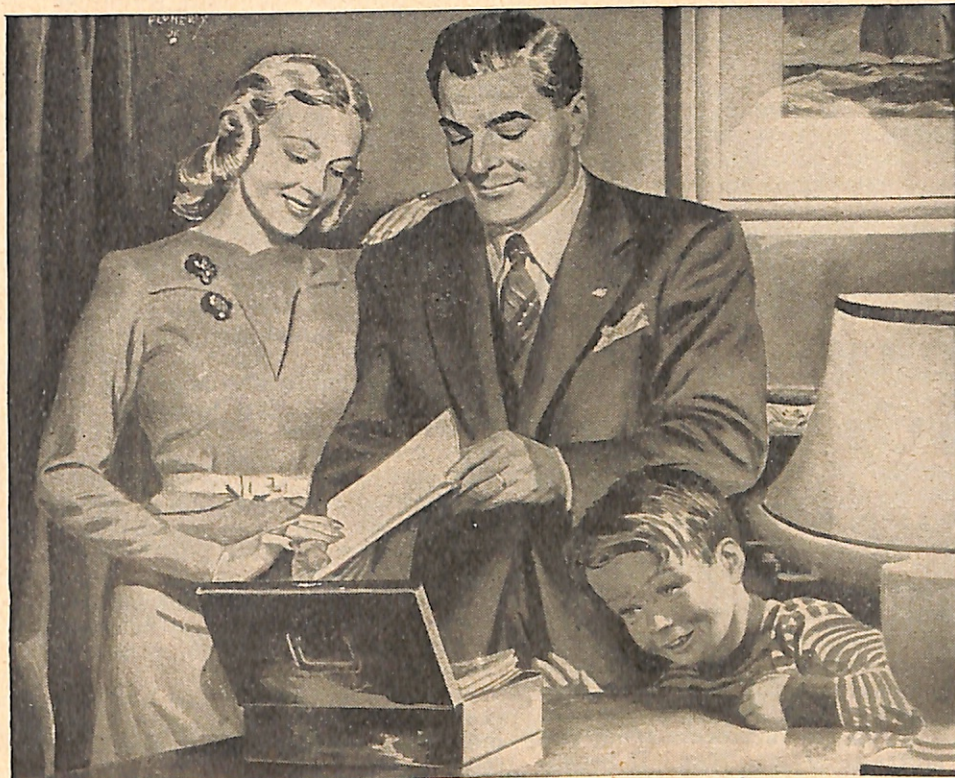
America finds a new, easy way to save

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Enrolled under the Payroll Savings Plan in thousands of factories, offices, and stores, over 27 million American wage earners were purchasing "E" Bonds alone at the rate of about 6 billion dollars worth a year by the time V-J Day arrived.

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The moral was plain to most. Here was a new, easy way to save; one as well suited to the future as to the past. Result: Today, millions of Americans are continuing to buy, through their Payroll Savings Plan, not War Bonds, but their peacetime equivalent—U. S. Savings Bonds.



From war to peace! War Bonds are now known as U. S. Savings Bonds, bring the same high return—\$25 for every \$18.75 at maturity.



Out of pay—into nest eggs! A wage earner can choose his own figure, have it deducted regularly from earnings under Payroll Savings Plan.



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Keeping cost of living in check! Buying only needed plentiful goods and saving the money which would bid up prices of scarce goods keeps your cost of living from rising. Save automatically—regularly.

Weekly Savings	SAVINGS AND INTEREST ACCUMULATED	
	In 1 Year	In 10 Years
\$ 3.75	\$195.00	\$2,163.45
6.25	325.00	3,607.54
7.50	390.00	4,329.02
9.38	487.76	5,416.97
12.50	650.00	7,217.20
15.00	780.00	8,660.42
18.75	975.00	10,828.74

Savings chart. Plan above shows how even modest weekly savings can grow into big figures. Moral: Join your Payroll Savings Plan next payday.

SAVE THE EASY WAY...
BUY YOUR BONDS
THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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branch compliance with such laws. Until the great bulk of the American people are so convinced, we can hope for no further progress in international governmental organization.

Once the American people are convinced that such a step in advance must be taken, we shall be in the position to invite the peoples of other nations to join us in the formation of a federal union competent to the task. We need not now attempt to state or to insist upon the details of the organization of such a union. Indeed, all of that ought to be referred to delegates from the various nations concerned, as was done by the thirteen States in 1787. The delegates of the nations whose people are willing to attempt an organization should meet, confer and report to their constituents.

NEVERTHELESS, as I think, the people of the United States ought not to invite citizens of other countries to send their representatives to confer with our own without some declaration of the fundamental principles on which alone we should be willing to federate with other peoples. I shall endeavor to state what I think are such fundamental principles.

1. In this stage of the world's progress, no union seems to me worth having which does not recognize individual human liberty, which is not dedicated to the protection and promotion of that liberty, and which does not derive its powers from the free suffrage of free men. It seems to me too late in history to advocate, or even to suggest, any federation or other form of government that does not rest on the will of the people in the aggregate. The people themselves must exercise their sovereign will (for they are the only sovereigns) to create the kind of government and, through their representatives, to operate the kind of government they desire. It is a fundamental tenet of American doctrine that, in order for the people to direct their government intelligently, there must be the widest possible freedom of exchange of information and opinion. Freedom of religion, of speech and of the press seem to us to be essential for the function of representative democratic government.

It follows that if we are to offer to join the peoples of other nations in a union to make the rules which shall govern human conduct throughout the federal sphere, we should plainly declare that we do not contemplate federating with the people of any nation unless their legislative representatives are to be elected through citizenship suffrage and unless full freedom of belief, press and speech is practiced by them.

2. We should declare that the federation which we should be willing to join must, as a result of the exercise of the suffrage of the people, possess the power to make necessary rules or laws governing the individual conduct of every person embraced within the federated nations.

It is obvious that no federation such as our own United States of America could long exist were not its Congress competent to make laws binding the individual citizen of the United States, no matter what State claims him as its citizen. To make laws addressed to the States and to attempt to enforce them would involve, not regulation nor administration and enforcement of the laws, but war against the States. Any union of people to be successful must have its own agencies, not only for announcing the rules, but for interpreting them and enforcing them. It must, therefore, possess courts of its own, with jurisdiction over individual citizens of all the federated nations, and an executive with sufficient powers and forces to enforce the laws so interpreted by prevention and punishment directed at individuals.

3. Some equitable basis of distributing the voting power in the legislative branch of such a union must be devised. This is not the time or place to discuss schemes of weighted representation or measures for the protection of minorities in legislative matters. Difficult as the problem may be, it is capable of solution by the people of nations really determined to set up an equitable system of representative government.

4. Under our theory any frame of government ought to protect the individuals under its jurisdiction from undue limitations of personal liberty. To that end our Constitution embodies a Bill of Rights which, in its statement of principle, has evoked the enthusiastic approval of liberals everywhere. As one of the great objects of international federation is not only the union of peoples but the protection and promotion of their individual liberty, a similar declaration of rights should be embodied in any charter or constitution for a union of human beings.

IF THE foregoing fundamental principles be announced as the minimum basis upon which the people of the United States are willing to federate with the people of other nations, all subsidiary matters, even including the scope of the powers of such a federal government and the limitation of such powers, can be settled.

Our invitation to other peoples, therefore, should be on the basis

of a union embodying these principles and should run to the people of every nation who are willing to consider a union with us which observe and conserve these principles of freedom and individual responsibility.

The objection to the course I have suggested which is constantly advanced is that some nations will not be willing or able to unite on the basis suggested, because they do not tolerate freedom of religion, freedom of speech and of the press, do not practice citizenship suffrage, and could not elect representatives in the assembly by popular vote. This I concede, but I also earnestly contend that to wait until every nation upon earth is qualified and willing to participate on the basis suggested is to wait until it is too late, until the existing machinery of international cooperation shall have broken down. It is to wait until another war becomes the catalyst which precipitates world government out of the ruins of our civilization.

WE SIMPLY must make a start. If those peoples who are ready and willing to have their nations join us in a federation shall be joined in a union with us, I am confident that in a world of power in which we still live such a democratic union will be the greatest possible deterrent to the waging of war by nations not included in it. Moreover, I am so firmly convinced of the advantages to the people living within such a union, so certain of the progress of those people in freedom and civilization and in a larger and better individual life, that I foresee a desire on the part of peoples whose nations are not members of the union to come in and gain the advantages of participation by rendering their own government, however diverse from our own, competent to their representation in the parliament of the union. If the formation of a smaller union of those now ready and willing to unite involves danger of misunderstanding, the delay in moving forward toward international government and international law will involve far greater danger.

The great needs of the moment are that the people of this nation sense the peril in which they stand, that they see the urgent need for a better form of union of peoples as contrasted with a union of nations, that they have the will and the determination not to stand still but to go forward toward a real union of like-minded people, that they press in season and out for action by our Government to bring together, within the United Nations, or without that organization, a meeting of representatives of those nations willing to federate upon the minimum basis I have indicated. That would constitute real progress toward an orderly and peaceful world consisting of men united under a government of just laws, justly administered.





JOHN BARTRAM IN HIS BOTANICAL GARDENS, WITH DE CREVECOEUR, FRENCH MAN-OF-LETTERS—PHILADELPHIA 1769*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

"Read this kind epistle which the good Queen of Sweden, Ulrica, sent me a few years ago. Good woman! that she should think in her palace at Stockholm of John Bartram on the banks of the Schuylkill..."

—IN "LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN FARMER" (1782)

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encouraged the rise of distinguished personalities... of gracious living. Hence flourished its famed heritage of hospitality, a tradition eminently sustained by Philadelphia Blend, "The Heritage Whisky." By any standard this is a whisky for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

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Flatbush Forever

(Continued from page 8)

But they were wrong. They didn't know that Nick had not so much as blown the foam from a stein in two months' time, nor bet a wooden nickel on a horse; that he said his prayers, refrained from fights and stayed up late at night for no more evil purpose than the planning of football plays.

"I asked you what you had decided," Nick said now.

"I heard you," Mr. Bigsby said; "I am not deaf. And I am not a rich man. I'll have to sell a quarter interest in the club. I dislike doing it, but it's the only way in which I can meet my obligations."

Mr. Bigsby, it was plain to see, did not look forward to selling so large a fraction of his beloved Fusileers, but the economic facts had left him no choice: he needed cash. His business was underwear—Bigsby's Better Undergarments; long underwear it was that Mr. Bigsby manufactured, the long, trap-doored and itchy kind; and with his new Brooklyn plant on the verge of completion, with things having proved more expensive than he had at first anticipated, some drastic measure was needed.

"I'll buy the quarter interest," Nick said. "How much do you want?"

"You'll buy? Listen, I was warned that you were crazy. You'll buy with what?"

Nick repeated his question, "How much do you want?"

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," Mr. Bigsby said.

"Oh."

"You've been drinking again," said Mr. Bigsby.

"Yes, I know; I've been drinkin' wishing-water from a wishing-well. I figured you'd only ask about sixty grand. Don't laugh at me, either, you old mummy. I've got the ten-thousand-dollar bonus you've had to pay me on the gate receipts since I took over. Right?" And Mr. Bigsby agreed. Mr. Bigsby was extremely fond of gate receipts, but good as business had been on recent Sundays, it had not been good enough to re-line his pockets. "And I've got another twenty grand," Nick said. "I sold a house I owned in Westchester. I won it last year in a crap game. A nice house—seven rooms, with—"

"That's thirty thousand dollars," Mr. Bigsby said. "It isn't sixty."

"It'll be sixty late Sunday afternoon," Nick said. "When the ball game is over, it will be sixty. We'll beat those guys, do you hear me? Stradowski'll pass 'em dizzy."

"I never gamble," Mr. Bigsby said. "I sleep nine hours every night. My digestion is fine and I am not a rich man. Er—what makes you want to buy into the Fusileers, Nick?"

"It's football," Nick said, "and it's Flatbush. Football is more than a

game to me; it's the only thing I know, but I know it well. You gave me a chance to show it, didn't you? Right here in Flatbush? Well, Flatbush is where I belong. Could you get by on sixty grand—with the rest of the money later? Let's say you take the sixty, after we beat the Titans, eh? Let's say you take the sixty an' consider my salary paid for next year."

Mr. Bigsby smiled slowly. "Never bet so much as a nickel in a church bazaar," he said. "Don't approve of your methods, don't like the idea. And yet I—well, I'll see you Sunday. Get out of here!"

THE Midtown Mardi Gras was a famous and expensive place, and, as its name implied, right in the middle of Manhattan. The food was fair, the liquor fine, the music was the best.

"The only thing I've got against this joint," Nick said, "is the management."

The Midtown Mardi Gras was owned by the Doremus family. The Doremus family also owned fifty-two race horses, three hotels and the New York Football Titans.

"You don't look natural drinking coke," said Laura Rand. Miss Rand, the journalist, had graduated from the police courts to a place in her profession where she teed off on world troubles in a column called "I'll Tell You What." That sounds impressive but the Brooklyn *Sentinel*, withal, still only paid her eighty bucks a week.

"Well, sometimes I take a little snuff," Nick said. "Or maybe a spot of kerosene. Otherwise I'm strictly from Sunday School, reformed. Why don't you marry me?"

Laura looked into her drink. He supposed that having a brain was not always a handicap to the right kind of girl. Laura's eyes, when she raised them, were soft and full of the goodness behind them, and she said, "You're sweet, Nick, but these last two nights are the only nights we've been together in six years."

"I used to carry your books," he said, "at Flatbush High. That gives me a kind of priority."

"You should have carried your own," she said. "You should have opened them once in a while and looked inside them."

"Oh, you think I'm a jerk because they threw me out of Flatbush High?"

"On the contrary, Nickie. I think you could have done so much with yourself, had you tried. And can still do so much. It's—well, it's just—"

"You're afraid it will be like the last time?"

There was a last time. Six years ago. They had been engaged. Ring purchased, payment on a house, two

hearts tracing one cardiograph, and then he had gone to the races, gambled the works in a flea-brained attempt to double the family fortune, and lost, of course, as he did most always, and then in remorse got drunk—the bum, the bum, the bum.

"But you were always charming," Laura said.

"And charming still," he assured her.

"It's what I'm afraid of, Nickie, dear—your charm."

"And I've kept my hair," he said. "I brush my teeth. I'm not like George Doremus."

"You might say hello to Mr. Doremus," Laura said. "He's standing next to you."

"He's what? Why, George," Nick lied, "I didn't know you were there, Georgie, boy. I thought you would be out milking that herd of cattle you use for a football team."

George Doremus had never thought Nick was funny. He was a bald and heavy-set man of heavy thought and manner. His idea of a joke would be to see Nick Casey employed as the warhead of a rocket bomb. He did not like Nick and it was a feud of ancient standing.

"How are the steaks, Miss Rand?" George Doremus said to Laura.

"The steaks stink," Nick said automatically and in a voice a bit louder than he had intended.

"Then why did you come in here?" George demanded.

"I like to watch all the famous people," Nick said. "I still have hopes of meeting Lana Turner."

"You're very funny."

"Yes, I'm a scream, I'm a scream, and your bums shouldn't catch cold from the draught on Sunday when my Stradowski runs around them."

"For how much?" said Doremus.

"I bet it already," Nick said. "For plenty," and then realized he should not have mentioned having bet because Laura was giving him that look and no doubt remembering a dusty trousseau hanging in a closet.

"Dance, darling?" Nick said.

"I hope she kicks you to death," Doremus said.

They danced. Ah, it's been so long, he thought; we belong together; we dance together like two sheets of silk in the wind. "We dance together," he said to Laura, "like two sheets of silk in the wind."

"How much did you bet?"

"You shouldn't take me seriously," he said.

"I don't intend to take you seriously," she replied. "I did it once before."

"No, I don't mean that way. I mean about the bet. And listen," he held her apart from him. "Listen," he said, "please pay attention to nothing you hear. Even if I made a

(Continued on page 48)



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Red AND Gun



Black Star

By Ted Trueblood

**In South Dakota you
never shoot at a low bird**

IF YOU were a country boy living in South Dakota and decided to go to the city to seek your fortune, you might go to New York. You might try somewhere else. But if you live in New York there is only one place you will go to hunt pheasants. That is South Dakota. The same thing holds true if you happen to live in Dallas, San Francisco or Boston.

South Dakota's nickname is the "Coyote State". It should be the "Pheasant State". I had to find Coyote State in the World Almanac, but every sportsman in the country would recognize "Pheasant State" at once. There couldn't be any mistake. South Dakota has more pheasants than New York City has people. It has

so many that, in some counties, the season last year was four months long and the daily limit was eight birds.

If you live in one of the eastern States which has a five-day season and a one-bird limit, South Dakota's pheasant population may be almost inconceivable to you. Well, it should be. The number of pheasants there still will be—even after you've seen them.

Just to get going, let's consider a typical hunt. A dozen of us stop at the edge of a cornfield and, after securing permission to hunt it, draw straws to see who will circle around to stand at the far end. After the four lucky men leave we allow them 15 minutes lead, then spread out to form a

long line and start through the corn. The instant we step between two rows of stalks we are alone in a tight little world of our own. We can't see more than a few feet to right or left and for only a short distance down the row ahead. The corn is so tall we can see only a small patch of sky, and the rustling of the leaves as we pass keeps us from hearing our companions to right or left.

We plunge on at a steady pace, endeavoring to keep from getting ahead or falling behind the other hunters. (No one is lower than a corn-row racer who dashes ahead to hog the shooting at his companions' expense.) For a while it seems as if there might not be a bird in the field. Then we notice pheasant tracks in the dust and a few ears of corn hanging down with the husks frayed away from the lower ends and the kernels picked from the red cobs.

Suddenly, when we judge we are about halfway through the field, we see a pheasant cock running down the row ahead. The temptation is great to run after him to flush him and get a shot, but we repress the impulse. He dodges into another row and we lose track of him. An instant later a hen slips into our row, legging it toward the end of the field.

Except for the rustling of the corn leaves all is quiet as we push ahead for another 50 yards. Then we hear a shot from the end of the field. A pheasant evidently tried to slip out. We quicken our pace. Suddenly the bombardment breaks loose. Shots come from right and left. We dash ahead a few yards to a bare spot where we can see.

The air is full of pheasants. Hens and cocks are boring in every direction. Right, left, up, down, back over the field and straight away from the end. Eleven men are shooting as fast as they can. We've never seen such a sight before. We feel like a starving man dropped into the middle of 20 acres of chocolate cake and ice cream. We don't know where to start, but we manage to remember the safety rule the boys drilled into us the night before—"never shoot at a low bird". (With so many hunters in the field all gun muzzles must be kept high.)

We get our gun up. Here comes a big cock. We poke the muzzle at him and shoot. Too close, no swing. Miss! Another swings over us from the left. We hesitate between giving the first bird a second shot and trying the new bird. They both pass over. One springs from a tiny thistle almost at our feet, climbing fast and cackling. We follow him up, blot him out with the muzzle and pull. Wham! It looks like we ripped every feather off him. Too close, but at least we got him. We reload quickly.

The air still is full of pheasants, and now that the wire edge is off, we're doing better. We run to where our first bird fell and discover that we're at the end of the corn. Right in front of us lies a weedy swale. We make a clean hit on a high bird swinging back toward the corn. He falls close, dead, so we take another

one that flushes in the corn behind us. Three! By the time we pick them up and stuff them into our jacket the rush is over.

We start tramping around in the grass and weeds of the low spot, where the other fellows either are trying to flush single birds or are hunting cripples. There is a great deal of yelling and good-natured ribbing. Charley's springer is doing yoman service in the cripple hunt. Finally, after 20 minutes, everyone is satisfied that all the downed birds have been found—except for a couple that lit running in the corn—and the gang gets together on a dry hillock in the swale to check up.

Everybody throws his birds into a pile, and they are counted. To our surprise, we did fairly well. Twelve hunters killed 26 pheasants, and we got three of them. The boys at the end got the most, of course, because they did the bulk of the shooting. One of the lads, who was in the middle of the row of drivers, admits getting "a little flustered". He shot ten times and didn't turn a feather. We feel as proud as a 14-year-old using Pop's razor, with our three birds out of eight shots.

After the birds are counted and divided to carry back to the car, we all spread out and walk back through the field, with the springer running loose to attempt to find the two cripples and to flush the birds that slipped back through the line the first time. The gang collects one cripple and a couple more birds that flush from the fence row near the cars.

When the birds are in, and the guns unloaded, the drivers start their motors and we move on toward the next cornfield. We relax on the seat. Lord Almighty! A million pheasants in one field; 29 shot on one drive. This can't be us, Clancy! There ain't that many birds!

Well, it is us, all right, and the drive described was typical of South Dakota pheasant hunting, both as to the method and the number of birds. They don't use pointing dogs much in South Dakota. They can't stand it. A good setter or pointer can smell a pheasant farther than Pegler can smell a New Dealer. When you put such a dog down in a field with perhaps 100 pheasants, the bird scent is so strong and so confused that the poor dog doesn't know which way to turn. He tries to point one bird, and two flush on either side. He tries to follow the body scent of a moving pheasant, but scent is so heavy in the cover that he loses track. Chances are, about that time, he loses his mind. It's too much.

A retriever, however, is a great assistance and should be used by all hunters. A springer spaniel, golden retriever, or any other dog which can be controlled until time to hunt cripples, is worth his weight in gold. With so many birds in the air at one time, and with so many hunters shooting at once, it is impossible to mark down each bird. On top of that, a pheasant with a broken wing can

(Continued on page 50)

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Flatbush Forever

(Continued from page 44)

bet, I want you to know that I'm as earnest as a colony of ants. This game on Sunday means just everything to me; it means my chance; it means our chance. Do you believe me?"

She didn't answer him at first. They kept dancing and she said, "I used to love you, you fool."

"There'll come a time again," said Nick. "There'll come a time again."

THE check, at the evening's conclusion, was a truly amazing item. It totaled forty-six dollars and fifteen cents. Nick looked at it several times and screamed, "Take the gun out of my ribs!"

"Is there something wrong, sir?" the headwaiter asked.

"No, nothing wrong," Nick said, "except I won't be able to pay this thing until I collect the insurance on my old man who today is hale and hearty. Where is George Doremus? Where's Frank Doremus?"

"You kept sending things back, sir—saying they were not good enough for yourself and mademoiselle."

"That was to annoy Doremus," Nick said.

"You didn't annoy him," Laura said; "you merely made him richer."

"I'm smart, aren't I?" said Nick. "Like I had two heads, and was being exhibited in a bottle."

He borrowed ten dollars from Laura and paid the check. He didn't mind. He was really just full of himself. He made this fuss and to-do because his present happiness kept seeping out of his pores. Because he knew about himself and Rodney L. Bigsby and how, having already wagered his all on the Fusileers, he should, after Sunday, own a quarter interest in those lovely lunatics and be no longer a bum but an entrepreneur and, furthermore, capable of spelling the word, despite having long ago been heaved from the Halls of Flatbush High.

He helped Laura into her coat and said, "Baby, it will soon be sable and that's no fable."

"You're hot tonight, Casey," Laura said. "Come on."

He carried his topcoat on his arm and failed to see any Doremuses about. Near the revolving door, and in a handsome glass case, were displayed a number of items for gourmets, which the Doremus Family retailed (as a courtesy, mind you) at emerald and ruby prices to their fancy clientele. Nick could not suppress the affinity he felt between himself and a large four-dollar pie on top of the case. He felt that since he had just been robbed by the Doremuses, it would be not only his due, but comic as well, to burgle the pie on his way out. He slipped it under his topcoat, smiling to several witnesses who were not, however, of

the Doremus Family—he hoped.

Standing at the curbstone, Nick called, "Taxi!"

Standing under the zebra-striped canopy of the Midtown Mardi Gras, Frank Doremus, George's brother, said, "I want that man arrested."

A nearby policeman said, "What for?"

"Oh, good Lord!" said Laura.

"Hell, it's just a gag," Nick said. He smiled at the cop. He indicated Frank Doremus, and also George, who had joined his equally robust brother under the canopy. "These fellows are like me," Nick said. "They can go along with a gag."

"And you can go along with the cop," George Doremus said. "You're such a smart fellow, aren't you? You think you can come into my place and needle my pride and pan my food, make a jackass out of yourself and still get away with petty larceny?"

Nick removed his topcoat from the pie. "The man underestimates me," he said. "It's a four-dollar pie; that makes it grand larceny, doesn't it? But who, I ask you, except a thief, would charge four bucks for a pie?"

The cop said, "I'm not from the O.P.A." To George Doremus he said, "He robbed your place?"

"It was a gag," Nick said.

"I'll press the charges," George Doremus said. "I'll teach you a lesson, Casey; I'll teach you—"

"Hit 'im with the pie," somebody said.

The cop came closer. Nick felt uneasy. Could it be that George and Frank Doremus were not fooling? That his prank was being measured as a theft? He said, "Listen, Doremus—we've had lots of troubles, see? And a whole lot of fights, and I think you're a big sweet lamb, and you hate me, but if—"

"I'll press the charges," George Doremus said again. "I'll go to any necessary expense."

"Hit 'im with the pie," someone kept urging. "Hit 'im with the pie." It was too much.

IT WAS a pleasant jail, for short-term guests. And when you realize, thought Nick, that I didn't have a drink, and, furthermore, have not had one in many forgotten months; that I'm a puritan by proven deeds, a man reformed, a simple soul, and up to my chest in love. The man in the next cell was a collector of sorts, who had been interrupted in his work at Tiffany's.

"Well, Mac," this fellow said. "I see you made the papers. It's very funny, Mac, but there's no future in stealin' pies."

The guest in the opposite cell was a shell-game operator. He was a craftsman well worth watching. He said to Nick, "You can make yourself a quarter." He maneuvered the

three half-walnut shells. "All right, which one's got the pea in it?"

"That one," Nick said.

"So now you owe me a buck-seven's five," the man said. "Try again?"

Nick said, "No thanks."

Things weren't funny any more. He wondered when Mr. Bigsby would bail him out. He thought it very disloyal of Mr. Bigsby to take his indifferent time.

WHEN Laura arrived, she was quick to say, "I haven't come here through choice; the paper sent me. They've put me in charge of the Casey Account. The city editor loves you. He says you are the most interesting clown since Daddy Brown-ing. What have you to say?"

"I want to get out of here," Nick said. "Where's Bigsby? Where's his lawyer? Any shyster could get Doremus's case laughed out of court. I've got to get back to the team. It means everything to me. It's only two days to the game."

"The team, as you knew it," said Laura, "is something out of the past. Mr. Bigsby says you can rot in jail, for all he cares, though I suppose that in time he'll relent. You're his polished apple, after all."

"Never mind that, Laura. What about the team?"

"Joe Stradowski," said Laura, "who comprises half of your team, happened upon the Doremus Brothers a half-hour after they had you arrested. There was a brawl. Joe Stradowski will not play Sunday. He broke his leg in your behalf. I would say that Joe was foolishly loyal."

"Oh, merciful God!" Nick said.

"You fool!" she said, and she began to weep, and there was no interview for the *Sentinel*. She turned her back on him and left. He stood still, looking at the walnuts in the other cell, and the unhappy expression on the face of the thief who owned them. Nick closed his eyes and thought of the money he had bet. He thought of the faith that old man Bigsby had placed in him. He thought of many things and was forced to turn away when his own eyes filled with tears.

Titan Park filled early, the bleachers by noon, the double-decked tiers by two o'clock. The air was semi-frosted; you could taste it. Two high school bands played different tunes, together, in gay disharmony. The flags waved gaily on their masts. The sky was blue. Small clouds curled in the sky like misty little boys with their feet in their mouths. The mighty Titans roamed the grass in pre-game practice.

"A little tighter, Jake," Nick told the man who taped his ankles in the dressing room. Jake taped his ankles and his stomach and one tricky shoulder-blade.

"You look like a quilt," said Willy Delaire.

"Yes, I know, and I'm gonna get kilt. Ha-ha."

He said nothing more. He got into his things and walked out onto the field, the Fusileers behind him. When they got down to the grass he told them to run, and they ran. As for himself, he walked. This would be his first game in a year, his first full game, and he would spend his muscles with a necessary thrift.

The fans called down to him. They thought he was quite a card. He supposed he was, too, but he didn't like cards. They shouted louder still when they learned he was going to play. He went, in Stradowski's place, out to the center of the field where the referee tossed a quarter in the air and he said, "Heads."

It was tails.

Frank Doremus gauged the wind and said the Titans would kick, defending the east end of the park. Doremus said to Nick, "It's nice to have you with us. If Bigsby supplies the hearse, we'll send the flowers."

"I should have had two cherry pies," Nick said. "It was a pity I could not accommodate George."

The Fusileers spread out to receive the kick-off. Nick glanced once at the Titans' bench, from which George Doremus kept raising his avoirdupois to direct the strategy of his team. Nick blew his nose on the grass and silently hoped for the best.

Wilson, a Titan tackle, toed into the ball. It was a good kick, high, slow-rolling, and it rode deep to the place between the goal posts where Nick had to gather it in. He took it, running, and started upfield. He got to the fifteen-yard-line where he shied away, twisting from the grasp of a catapulted Titan. He moved on to the twenty, where they hit him very hard.

He called the signals crisply, with authority. His ball club shifted to the left. He hit the tackle as he had hit it in the old days, when he was the poor man's All-America. He hit it mighty hard, while his energy was with him. He went for five yards. Frank Doremus took a dive at him. He pivoted and shed Doremus from his whirling legs. He got another five yards and they buried him. He got up, feeling himself, and inquired of the Titans, "No knives?"

The ball game moved along. There was no scoring in the first two quarters. The Titans threatened several times, but the Fusileers seemed equal to the task of holding them, thus far. Once Nick got loose. It was a simple reverse, but his boys had opened a hole for him as big as the Mammoth Cave. He found himself out romping in green pastures. The thrill was electric and the crowd was on its feet. He got up to midfield and to the forty. He got to the thirty-five and to the thirty. But his speed was gone; his legs would churn no more. A Titan speedboy overhauled him and he collapsed on the grass like a dynamited cow. The gun went off. That was the half's end, and he hadn't

the strength to get up. He limped from the field and one of the boys said, "Almost, Nick." The crowd stood up and bellowed his name. But almost wasn't enough. He knew in his heart that Stradowski would have sprinted the distance untouched.

The Titans scored in the third period. A pass from Frank Doremus to Fragiano, another back, went from midfield to the twenty. Doremus galloped on the next play for the score. It was sad to concede but the younger Doremus could move like a runaway train. Nick groaned and was unhappy, but there was nothing he could do. Haskins, a Fusileer guard, broke through to block the attempted kick. The score was 6-0. Nick took himself from the game. He believed it was better to sit on the bench than it was to collapse on the field.

But he could not sit there. He had to stand up and gulp yards of air and scream advice to his laboring beloveds. The kid he sent in to pass was no Stradowski—at least not on this Sunday was he any Joe Stradowski.

Nick went back in the fourth quarter. So did Frank Doremus. There were six minutes left on the clock. The shadows were gathering on Titan Park. A cold wind walked the field. Nick wished that the wind had pins in it to bring him half alive.

Five minutes left and the Titans were forced to kick. The ball rolled outside on the Fusileers' thirty-eight. Nick slapped his merry minions on their pants. He didn't think that he could run. He took the ball on a wide sweep and lateraled to Malone. Malone put out his hands and juggled it. Malone swept forward to midfield with the ball on his anxious fingers like a ball on the nose of a seal. Malone fell down but with a last grasp clutched the ball and it was first down on the Titan forty-six.

It said four minutes on the clock. Nick packed the ball and hit the middle of things. He dug with his legs until something gave. He surged ahead and they planted him on the forty. His nose was against the ball and his nose bled on the ball. The teams lined up. Nick called the signals.

The ball came back to him. He galloped to the left, as though to slice the tackle. He went up in the air like a big balloon and heaved a long one at Delaire. He saw Willy cutting nicely, his long arms reaching for the ball. That was all he saw.

Jake, the trainer, had some kind of fumes in a rag. The stuff burned in his nostrils and Nick came slowly around. He heard all the noise, the screaming from the stands. He looked up and Delaire was grinning, the boys were leaping, and he remembered, and he knew the score; he knew what had to be the score: 6-6.

And they said to him, "Kick it, Nick."

That meant the extra point, for everything. For Old Man Bigsby and the boys; for all that dough. His money at least was safe; the score was tied, though he didn't think of

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money being safe; he thought of it being doubled.

Foggy, he was, but he went through certain motions automatically. Extra points. He could spit extra points. He didn't have to kick them. Like Ken Strong, he hadn't missed an extra point in years. Professionals don't miss them.

He missed it. He swung his right leg at the same time his left leg folded under him, like a doll's chair with a man upon it. The forward tide of the Titans rolled across him. That was the game: no win, no lose—a tie.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry." He lay on his stomach in the dressing room, with his chin on his arms. Strength came to him slowly. Jake gave him water from a pop-bottle. He gargled it, spat in a pail. He said, "Jake, gimme a cigarette. Hello, Rodney," he said to Mr. Bigsby. He had never before called Mr. Bigsby "Rodney". Nor had anyone else.

"I flubbed it," Nick said. "I must have been out of my mind. If I'd known what I was doing I'd have

had someone else try for the point."

"That's what comes of gambling," said Mr. Bigsby. "Gambling's evil."

"Yeah, I know. That's what Laura tells me. That's what my mother always told me. But we almost beat them, didn't we? And we're supposed to be bums. Next year, though, we'll beat them. Next year I'll be on the bench where I belong. We'll get some new kids. We'll have Stradowski."

"We'll kill them next year!" said Mr. Bigsby, and his thin cheeks trembled with the sound.

"Except I won't have a quarter interest in the club. I won't be able to bore from within. You'll have the right to fire me."

"You're damned right!" said Mr. Bigsby. "And I've got it now! You don't make the right kind of bets. You got even money, didn't you?"

"Please, Mr. Bigsby," said Nick, "you talk like a common tout. You said you wouldn't bet a nickel at a church bazaar."

"I got fourteen points with my bet," Mr. Bigsby said. "That sure

was the smartest move I ever made."

"You what!" And Nick sat up.

"Doremus brothers gave me fourteen points. They said with Stradowski out and you in there, they'd gallop all over the field. I said with you in there they never saw the day they could beat us by fourteen points. It's cold out," Mr. Bigsby said. "Long underwear weather, I would say. Guess now I can build a factory and a half and still sell you an interest in the club. Sell it to you on time, my boy—a little at a time."

"I don't believe it," Nick said. "You don't know how to place a bet. You wouldn't know where to begin."

"She showed me," Mr. Bigsby said. "She's a smart girl, gets around. She showed me the Doremus brothers in their fine cafe."

Nick gaped around and Laura said, "Hello."

Nick said, "Hello."

She said, "Nice game."

"Wasn't it, though?" Nick said.

She kissed him softly, nicely, on his palpitating nose.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 47)

run faster than a long-legged Indian, and he can hide under two willow leaves and a blade of grass.

A bird crippled and lost actually means two birds killed—that one and the second one the hunter shoots to make out his limit.

So you're going to South Dakota! Well, here are pointers that will help you get the most out of your trip:

1. Wait until the latter part of October. With so many birds there is no point in being out opening day. Later you will find just as good shooting; nicer, cooler weather; the cover will be frosted down and easier to get through, and birds shot in the morning will keep in good condition until you can get them into a cold storage locker in the evening.

2. The most birds and the best hunting are in a belt running north and south, just east of the center of the State. The best counties are Edmunds, Faulk, Spink, Hyde, Hand, Beadle, Buffalo, Jerauld, Sanborn, Brule, Aurora, Davison, Gregory, Charles Mix and Douglas.

3. Attach the tags which come with your license and the 15 extra, which you will buy, to your pheasants when you ship or store them. Use the back of the tags for storage and date and sign the front with ink whether you ship your birds or take them with you. Failure to do this is considered a serious law violation in South Dakota because many non-resident hunters have attempted to slip back and get more birds on the same tags.

4. Don't start hunting before ten a.m. Pheasants are protected until this hour because they like to sit in the early-morning sun along the roads.

5. The trespass laws are simple.

Don't hunt posted land, nor land fenced with woven wire, without permission. Actually, it is advisable to get permission before hunting any land and to be careful of farmers' property. Remember, if the farmers balked there wouldn't be any place to hunt.

6. Don't cruise along and shoot pheasants from your car. It's illegal as well as unsportsmanlike to shoot game from a motor vehicle on a public highway.

7. Don't remove the heads and plumage of your birds so that their sex can't be easily determined.

8. Get a game law synopsis and study it. You may kill more birds in some counties, and the legal number of hens varies from county to county, also.

9. Take a good retriever.

10. Get a copy of the "South Dakota Pheasant Hunting Guide", \$1.50, published by the South Dakota Guide Company, Box 32, Madison, S. D. It has maps showing pheasant concentrations by county, duck ponds, highway and township roads; lists all hotels, tourist cabins and hunting lodges in the pheasant territory and gives their rates. It gives all locker plants, lists all doctors, hospitals and Red Cross first-aid stations; has an article on the proper shipping of birds, and blanks with which you can obtain your license before leaving home.

The season opens October 15 and closes December 13. The limit is five per day in 33 counties, and the possession limit is 15.

The bag limit is smaller and the season shorter than last year, but there still are plenty of pheasants. After all, even South Dakota can't have nearly 15 million every year!

If you plan to take your dog, get a certificate of health stating that he hasn't been exposed to rabies and is free from symptoms of communicable diseases. Your local vet can issue it, but get it approved by your State veterinary officials. Keep one copy with the dog and send the other to the S. D. State Livestock Sanitary Board, Pierre.

Here are a few pointers for the man who is going to do his first pheasant hunting this Fall:

Get out and walk up your birds. It's more fun and more sporting than cruising in a car and making a dash whenever pheasants are seen. It takes at least four hunters to handle even a fair-sized cornfield, and more are better.

When you flush a bird, don't hurry. Pheasants have a slow getaway, compared to quail and grouse, and most hunters shoot too quickly. Once they get going, however, pheasants are fast. A bird flying over after being flushed by someone else requires a long lead. Most misses are behind the bird; the long tail will fool you. The same thing holds on rising birds; blot them out with the muzzle before you pull the trigger.

I prefer No. 6 shot in 12 and 16 gauge guns and No. 7 in a 20, although many hunters swear by fives and others use nothing but sevens and a half. This is largely a matter of preference, but if you're undecided between two sizes choose the smaller.

When you're hunting without a dog, dash to the spot where a pheasant falls—the instant you hit him. If you see a cripple running give him a shot. You can't run 'em down any more than you can a jackrabbit.

Your license will cost \$20—and it's worth it. Good luck!

It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 15)

Peruvians are threatening to run us out of the country and stuff. The GI's who, incidentally, got hell beat out of them; will doubtless be tried for some Article of War or other, and may even be punished, ostensibly for their malfeasance but really to quiet the irate Peruvians.

But through all this hullabaloo no one has thought to ask the opinion of the young ladies at whom the whistles were directed. I want to know what they think. Did they think *los Americanos* were rude and obstreperous? Or did they think maybe they were kind of nice?

Just how it pertains to the above I don't know, though it seems to have some distant connection like being fifth cousin to Mrs. Roosevelt, but I wish to report that tattooing of seamen, a once flourishing trade, is in the doldrums. Unless something is done to promote the art form the girls in every port won't know whether they've hooked a doughty sailor or maybe a steward from an international airline.

That may cause complications. Much more important, though, is the effect on our youth. As a youngster I used to watch open-mouthed while circus sideshow tattoo artists worked blue and red ink into the torsos of men whose muscles bulged in every direction. Having once attempted to create on my forearm a replica of a bloody dagger, using a sewing needle and a bottle of Waterman's ink, I was aware of the pain involved. But in my hours of watching I don't believe I ever detected so much as a flicker of a flinch from a tattooee. Such men are made of the stuff of heroes and their example encouraged me greatly to eat what in my time passed for Wheaties.

Such small idols are as important as sunshine to a growing boy. Who, if not the tattooed seamen, will inspire our young with oblivion to pain in the interests of art? Football players? Certainly not. Like race horses they are a highly bred group of temperamental specialists who holler for the trainer when they get a sliver in the finger. Movie cowboys, or comic strip Dick Tracy's or radio Lone Rangers? None of these can take the place of the flesh-and-blood hero, the guy who lives and walks and breathes the same air you do. And anyhow none of them can, no matter how long you plead with them, pull open their shirt and put a three-colored kooch dancer through bumps and grinds just by twitching the right muscle. The passing of the tattooed male will do something for the boys of the country. I'm not sure it will be for the best.

Two tailor friends of mine, Alben and Morris, are noted in New York and Hollywood for their ability to make an average businessman look as well dressed as businessmen do in the movies. I was trying to discover

their secret so I could pass it along. I told them I had a friend who wanted to know how they did it.

They can smell a dollar if it's in the same county so Alben and Morris told me just to send along any of my friends to them. They'd fix them up. As their prices for a suit begin at \$185, and no one dares order only one suit at a time, I told them my friend was very busy now.

What did my friend do for a living, they asked.

Well, I said, during the war he had a government contract.

Their ears snapped to attention. They could hear the distant ring of the cash register.

What kind of a contract, they inquired, full of politeness.

An airplane contract, I confided.

Well, in that case I should most certainly bring him in. Alben and Morris would turn him into somebody's dream man, into a...

But first, I cautioned, let me tell him how you do it.

Alben and Morris stumbled all over themselves telling me. They jabbered for twenty minutes. Boiled down, what they said was—that most men dress badly because they buy clothes too small for them. A man gets out of college and he wears a thirty-eight. He's got a good build, he's trained down maybe from football. And somehow that size thirty-eight sticks in his mind. He grows a little bigger here, and a little bigger there, and first thing you know he's a forty. But nobody can tell him that. He orders a thirty-eight every time he gets a suit.

So by the time he is already a forty-two he grudgingly gives in and orders a forty. And so on. Men getting suits are like a woman getting shoes. They ask for a size that sounds good. Only women are smart enough not to catch the clerk giving them something a couple of sizes bigger.

Alben and Morris say men's clothes are far too tight. Their coats are too short and their sleeve ends aren't speaking to their thumbs. Loosen up, said my friends. Get a good fit but one that lets the body breathe.

That, it seems, is a basic tenet. Having told me that much in three different versions they shut up like a clam. (Said Morris: "We are shutting up like a clamb until you send us your friend".)

I will, I promised, but right now he's looking for a job.

But, Alben protested, the government contract...

Yes, echoed Morris, for airplanes...

Oh, that ended some time ago, I said, picking up my hat. He was a pilot in the Eighth Air Force. Had a contract for flying bombers. Paid him \$166 a month plus overseas pay. And plus flight pay too, I called over my shoulder as I hurried out.

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In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust



In which Dr. Faust psycho-analyzes our four-legged friends

IT IS Sunday and I have just finished typing the answers to forty-one letters from readers, which range all the way from a request from the lady secretary of a dog show for a free article for her show catalog to a wholly unexpected paean of praise from a highly discerning and intelligent gentleman from California. To the first-named I answered that my hobby was dogs, to be sure, but writing about them free-for-nix decidedly was not. Perhaps I should have asked the lady if in return she would care to endow me with one of the purps from the show. I suspect that gal's birthstone is a gallstone—but then everyone who busts into print at some time or other gets such requests. Come on, Ed, it is no effort at all for you to scribble off a few thousand words, they're so cheap (particularly your kind).

To the kind Californian who wrote, I returned an appreciative letter, of course. Brickbats are more prevalent than bouquets as the writer's portion but there are enough in this good Elk audience to make the monthly assignment very worth while. If it weren't for Faust's well-known respect for the truth I'd add that no less than a dozen of the letters asked about breeds being vicious or stupid. If Cain didn't ask Old Man Adam that question or those questions then I'd be willing to lay some six to one that one of his descendants did. But I have no complaint to that; most people have a lot more to do in this business of keeping the groceries on the table, than to spend much time appraising Fido's weaknesses.

Yes, some folks do believe that certain breeds are less reliable or less healthy too, than others. Now the unvarnished truth is—how would you like your truth today, varnished or otherwise?—that there are no vicious breeds, no unhealthy breeds, no stupid breeds. If you've been around our four-legged friends long enough and with enough of them you'll know that they vary just as do people, each a personality in its own right. But there certainly are individuals among the breeds who answer to all three indictments. I'll never forget the first pooch among bad actors that I've met. It was some years ago when I was a youngster see-sawing from job to job, business to business. Along the half-way mark in my wanderings I served a short stretch as a water-meter reader. It was then that I encountered a dog that had the disposition of a porcupine with ingrown quills. The lady whose meter I had to read invited me into her yard with an assurance that the overgrown, four-legged hypocrite at her side was as gentle as a lamb. I believed her, but since that day have learned to prefer lambs that act like lambs and not werewolves. But it did not prejudice me against the breed (it was a great Dane). Much later I learned more about dog personality and I learned too that the wrong way to get acquainted with a trigger-tempered purp is to try to rough him up by way of a cordial first meeting. Some dogs just won't stand for this and it is this perhaps more than anything else that has earned for some breeds that

are more reserved than others, the reputation of being of uncertain temper. The German shepherd, the collie, the Doberman and a few of the terriers are that way. The three first-named, along with certain others of the category known as "working dogs", are by virtue of their early ancestry particularly reserved. This is a matter of inheritance; they stem from dogs that were developed on farms and other places where few strangers were to be found and because they were strangers, were understandably regarded with suspicion by the natives and their dogs. Yes, that mistake was mine. The dog was not to blame.

Now there are ways to butter up to a dog if he's the kind that needs this and you might save this sermon for little Harry or Harriet to read as nearly all youngsters are tempted to fondle dogs at some time or other. Rule number one is—don't handle a strange dog and this goes double for children who have this habit. But sometime you may see a pooch you'd like to get acquainted with, and it's a sure bet that certain youngsters will, so harken to the pearls from the Faust typewriter. Never approach the dog from the rear; always let him see you first. Never suddenly lay your hands on him; reach out in a normal way, not too quickly. Speak to the dog in a friendly way—dogs quickly detect voice inflection. Don't make any sudden and loud noises. Close your hand and let the dog get the odor; make a fist because if Fido does decide that he doesn't like you and suddenly snaps he can't get the grip on your closed hand that he could get on your fingers. This is a trick employed by dog show judges and believe it or not many of them are bitten. Of course a factor in this, I'll admit, is that the purely vicious dog is seldom shown; one bite and his rep with the judges, who are a pretty close-to-each-other group, would tumble and few of the judges would want that dog in the same ring with them. But once every so often a show pup will go off his trolley, due perhaps to the excitement of the ring, the strain of being chained for hours to a show bench or fear.

Now when you are giving that strange dog a manual once-over, watch him closely. If he wags his tail you're in, even if he growls at the same time. But don't be too quick to get on better terms; let the dog decide this. If he licks your hand then he's yours. If he pins his ears back, whether he growls or not, if he makes no immediate movement—let that dog alone. There's every chance that he just doesn't like you. That doesn't mean that he's a bad actor at all. It simply indicates his choice and dogs again, just like people, are individuals with many of the likes and dislikes possessed by human beings. I should add that the show judges while not frequently bitten are obliged to handle dogs that are utter strangers to them far more intimately than does the aver-

age individual. Close inspection of ears, eyes, and teeth are required and you can imagine the chances a judge takes when he has the temerity to inspect Fido's dental equipment. Then too the judge has to feel the dog's skeletal formation for soundness.

The average dog is a much better tempered creature than the average human being. You can double this in spades. But our four-legged partner has been around so long that many of us are prone to overlook the fact that after all, he's just an animal with all an animal's instincts—chief of these is the protective instinct. The first thing most animals will do, if flight isn't possible and if alarmed, is defend themselves. With the dog the bite under such circumstances comes first; the cause for the alarm is last. It's simply the mechanics of protection in operation in our friend's consciousness—1. Flight—2. Defense—3. Attack.

Through centuries of dwelling with mankind, the dog has lost much of its flight instinct although it manifests itself occasionally in dogs that have run masterless for long periods. But defense and attack are still part of the dog's behavior when under provocation. You might ask why a dog should bite anyone who has only the friendliest intentions. With regard to that I refer you to what I've said about differing dog personalities with differing likes and dislikes, unaccountable to most human beings but not at all without reason for the dog. Despite one of the sweetest dispositions known in the writing trade, I'd relegate to the Bureau of Persons Who Wouldn't be Missed, anyone, friend or stranger, who rumbled my hair, pulled my ears or generally handled me like a rag doll. And that, my friends, is just what some people do when meeting a strange dog. And they are literally and figuratively painfully surprised when Fido reaches for a mouthful.

Now there may be a time when you will meet a pup that is on the warpath and there isn't much you can do other than to be darned careful that you make no false moves to arouse that dog further. Even a small dog can do quite some damage before he's beaten off. A large dog—well, use your own imagination. If you find yourself facing a dog determined to attack you, don't run unless you are sure you can quickly reach safety. Running will only arouse the dog's pursuit-impulse and then you are a gone gosling. Keep perfectly quiet; make no move. Talk to the dog in a firm, friendly way, if you can. Don't try any "Oos little doggie are you" babytalk blandishments. You won't kid the dog that's in a temper. Again, try to keep fear out of your voice; the dog quickly detects this in the human voice and thus might become the bolder. One other precaution—but this isn't for you; it's for that person you may know who occasionally dallies with

(Continued on page 57)

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By W. C. Bixby

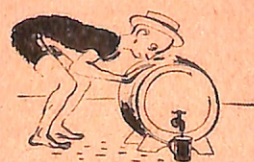
DESPITE all the technical perfection of our age there are a few things remaining which either have not been examined carefully enough or have baffled the best brains of science and industry. Not the least of these is a means by which an erring husband can creep into his home without disturbing the family. It is possible to solve this matter, I believe. It requires that some expert in one field or other tackle the problem seriously and although his experimenting may prove dangerous, he would undoubtedly benefit mankind in general. Another problem yet unsolved by science is the one concerning cars which run out of gas with no service station in sight. This happens every day. What a boon it would be if someone invented a gadget to ring a bell on the auto about to run out of gas just as it passed the last available station. I'm sure other problems grip your imaginations now. Give them a little thought and perhaps you can solve them. Meanwhile, here are the gimmicks.



THERE is some dirty work afoot, men! Steady there, steady! A better mouse-trap has been invented and the world, as legend has it, is probably beating a path to the man's door. This new trap will be of great use to people like Myrtle. She is a friend of ours who has a terrible time with mice. Myrtle lives next door to us and almost any time during the day or night she is liable to emit a soul-shaking scream. The first few times I rushed over expecting the worst, but no, I'd find Myrtle high on a chair while she screamed at a small confused mouse who would be viewing her with understandable alarm. I would then speak harshly to the mouse who usually dissolved into the wall. After running over to Myrtle's seven or eight times each week for the same reason, I said in effect, "The heck with mice and Myrtle." This new mousetrap has solved all our difficulties, however. It electrocutes the mouse and then, with almost human repulsion, throws the mouse away. Plug the trap into any wall outlet, bait with the usual mouse menu and leave it alone. No setting is necessary. When a mouse is executed, sweep into dust pan and stand by for another. The manufacturers claim children are not as likely to be hurt by this trap as they were by the old spring type. Too bad.



ONE day Strongheart dropped a small screwdriver in his engine. When I came upon him he was muttering foul oaths and trying to poke a standard flashlight down one or two impossible crevices to locate the missing tool. I offered assistance but Strongheart has a will of his own and not until he saw the new flexible flashlight I had did he



show any interest. "What's that?" he asked. "This," I said, "is a new type of flashlight having the bulb at the end of a small extension cord, rather than in the top of the battery case. It will enable you to look around corners, into barrels, and such. You may use it if it pleases you." Strongheart snorted, grabbed the light and quickly located the missing screwdriver. Another feature of the light, one that failed to interest Strongheart at the moment, is its battery case which is of aluminum and said to be waterproof.

If you need a more far-reaching light there is also an excellent hand lamp now on the market. The makers claim the battery-operated contrivance is good for a spotlight up to fifteen hundred feet. It is adjustable so you can make it a spread beam too. It sounds like it might be a good thing for hunting. It is possible you might be able to snare a snipe or something with the light to guide you—who knows?

DO YOU slide as you shower? Most people do, and a great many wrenched backs and fractured limbs can be blamed on shower-sliding. Occasionally such antics are ludicrous and provide a moment's hilarity, but the risk involved trying to get laughs from such pranks is definitely high. To remove the risk in shower-sliding, a shower base has



been developed which is said to be slip-proof. It is made of aluminum and possesses a crackle enamel finish, which provides the skid-proof surface. The makers also remark that the shower base won't leak. This latter seems to be an admirable feature. Another good advantage is the short time taken to install the base. It can be done in about thirty minutes.

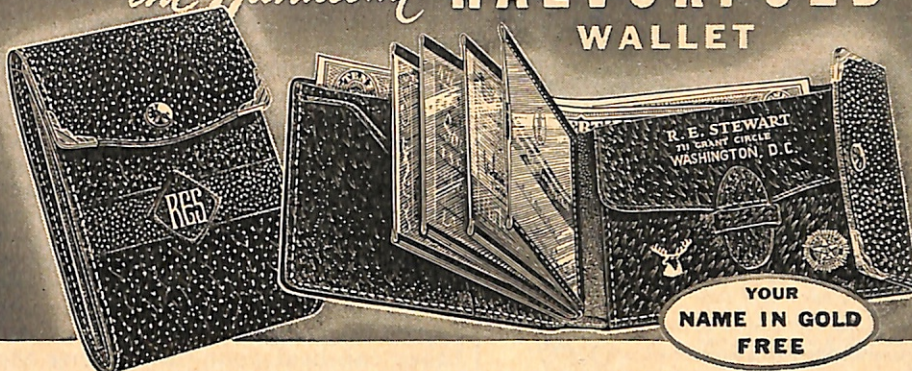
DOES your radiator give you trouble? Is something wrong with your pipes or tubing? If, on warm days, your antifreeze evaporates and fills the air with a bar-room scent (See illus.), perhaps this new radiator cap will keep things under control. The new cap is designed for summer or winter wear. In winter it cuts down on antifreeze losses while in the summer it maintains the coolant (i.e., water) under about four pounds' pressure which raises the boiling point to some degree. By raising the boiling point as it does, the outside temperature can soar 12 or 15 degrees above the usual boiling-away-point without causing trouble. That's all the new radiator cap does, but what can you expect from a simple cap? (Continued on page 56)



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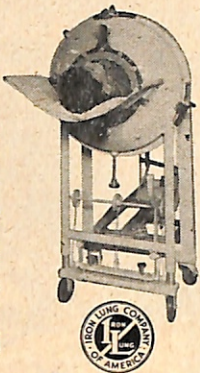
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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the December issue should reach us by October 15th.

THERE'S a new heater coming out for your new (?) car. It claims to be of a radically different design and, according to the manufacturers, it was given gruesomely rigid tests during the war. Among such tests were the heating of Quonset huts, tanks and planes during sub-freezing weather. Manufacturers say they spent more than seven years and a million dollars in research on the item, and all just to bring a pleasant temperature to your car. I think that's mighty white of them. One model is cowl mounted, and another can be placed so it lurks under the front seat. Push buttons on your dashboard operate them both and they can heat your car whether the motor is on or off. The heater gives controlled temperatures to 80 degrees. After all the trouble they went to making the heater, I do hope it works well.

IF, in the chill, still of the night you feel a draft around your feet, it may be because you don't have these double windows which stop ill winds. Let me show you how one fellow I know benefited.

His name is Bob Throckstocking (an odd name). Bob bought these double windows; it kept his wife from catching her usual winter cold. She in turn felt so cheered up about it she cleaned the attic in a burst of energy, found some extremely valuable bonds that had been lost for ten years and now Bob is on Easy Street. The whole thing sounds fantastic, doesn't it? Anyway, these windows have double glass with a sealed airspace between. The airspace also contains a drying agent to absorb any moisture that may have sneaked in. This prevents the window from being permanently misty. The window panes are of plate-glass construction and should be very good insulators.



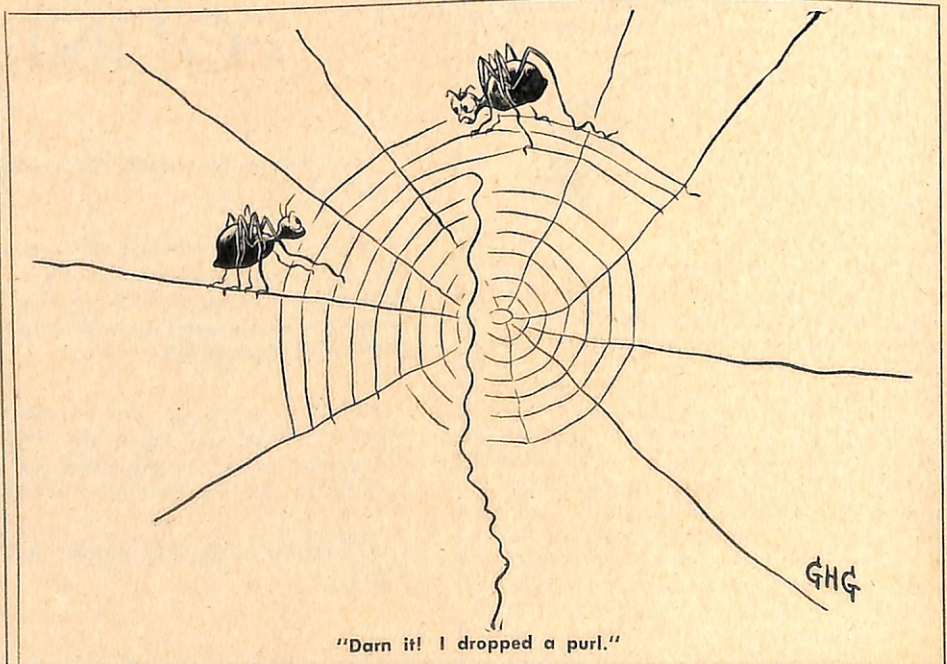
ANOTHER improvement on cars in this golden age of streamlined everything is a new method which permits feeding the little one while en route to the next town. No longer will Junior wail gratingly while you try to reach a place where milk can be heated. The new gadget consists of a bottle stored in an insulated container which has been previously filled with ice cubes. At the first wail from the rear seat, a rubber cap containing the heating element is swiftly placed on the bottle and the cord is plugged into a dashboard socket. A few seconds and presto, Junior gets fed, the wailing stops and science reigns supreme.

BRAVE NEW WORLD DIVISION

MAN'S age-old fight to eradicate hangovers marches on. Pills have been developed which seem to help somewhat, but work goes on apace along other lines as well. Newest "cure" for such an ailment is an oxygen "cocktail" consisting of nine parts oxygen and one part carbon dioxide (no olive). This concoction was tried out during the war on a test group of pilots. It was not stated just why pilots were chosen to try the new remedy and for the life of me I can't figure why they chose pilots either, can you?

THANKSGIVING

will have a new twist in years to come. For eons the main twist was given to a turkey's neck. This crude method of preparing the bird for the oven will soon pass; they'll be electrocuting them one of these days. There is a new machine being tested which does exactly that. It takes the machine from five to fifteen seconds to do the job on a turkey while operating at a potential of 450 volts.



"Darn it! I dropped a purr."

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 53)

blotto water. Tell that individual to lay off of Fido at such times unless the dog is his and is known to be pretty sweet on Papa. Dogs, many of them, are endowed with some strange instinct that tells them when there is a departure from normal in a human being. Many dogs will avoid owners to whom they are deeply attached when said owners make liquid whoopee. To thrust one's attentions on a reluctant dog is a risky business. I know that it's a great life—if one weakens—but then Fido should be left alone, particularly a strange Fido.

Earlier I talked about the alleged faults in certain breeds and for the life of me, I can't see why some folks think that such canine weaknesses should be so often ascribed to the pure-bred purps. I do know—and who doesn't?—that there's an army of people who believe this way and that without any sound reason. Just as many—Edward, this is an understatement—MORE dogs of uncertain parentage have such faults than all the pure-breds combined. This is easy for me to believe. Although I can't furnish proof of this, the law of averages reveals that there are many more dogs of mixed breeds than there are aristocrats. Every so often I have written in these essays that the Fido whose lineage can be traced is the more likely to be a better dispositioned galoot, more intelligent and a healthier dog. It isn't the breeding so much that counts; it's the mercenary motives of the people who breed such dogs. When I say mercenary I use the term in its Pickwickian sense. What I mean is that breeders have a financial stake in dogs and only a dimwit would breed such purps as to get his or her kennel known for producing inferior stock. Nobody wants to buy a dog that rates zero in an I.Q. Nobody wants a dog that is undependable, vicious or bad-tempered, and nobody wants a dog that will become a chronic invalid. Raising dogs is by no means a sure road to riches; in fact, for most breeders it's an expensive hobby. Some few commercial outfits manage to make a living but that's about all. So you can see that breeders, new to the game, might

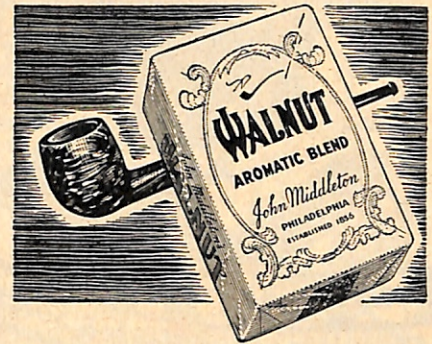
fob off a poor specimen or two but a well-established breeder will not. The hobbyist among them are too deeply interested in producing better stock to garner more ribbons at the shows and among these you'll find folks who are sufficiently well heeled as not to be worried about making sales. They usually have friends who want dogs as gifts and they frequently give them away. The commercial kennels are in the dog business—as a business, and with them it's no fooling. They either produce good-tempered, intelligent and healthy dogs or they turn to training termites. Or something. When a pure-bred dog in a kennel gets the willies he gets a vet or in the larger kennels the equivalent in on-the-spot expert home attention. If he or she has a crusty disposition, that purp is not mated and don't think I'm exaggerating. The better kennels can afford to sideline even some of their best specimens and they certainly won't sell you a dog of this sort. If the pooch seems a nitwit the same goes. No, your chances, if you are dog-shopping are best when dealing with a reputable kennel.

As for the lowly mixed breed (I hate that word mongrel), true, you will get every bit as much in the way of loyalty, love and intelligence, depending upon the dog. Ancestry does NOT guarantee perfection. Take a look at the front page of your local newspaper to get the human slant. You'll find the same imperfections of character among dogs but the odds do favor the pure-bred animal for those simple sporting and business reasons I've mentioned. There's no assurance that the mixed breed will be healthier, smarter, or more even-tempered. And there's more chance that the reverse will be true because of indiscriminate back-alley matings where only the dogs exercise the choice. But don't get me wrong. If you have one of those purps whose folks didn't mix with royalty, don't think you are out of luck as far as dogs are concerned. You won't anyway. You'll still think that yours is the finest, smartest pooch in all the world—and you'll be right.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject." This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common

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West Point, Watch Out!

(Continued from page 9)

not try to probe the coach's schizophrenic attitude. It is sufficient to note that Army and Navy, especially Army, remain the football giants for which the rest of the field is gunning.

Their rise was violent as well as swift. You may not recall it, but shortly before Pearl Harbor Army began a season by winning only one of her first five games (from Williams, in a photo finish), while in the wake of a Navy rout by Pennsylvania—the critics were saying that it was just as well we did not plan to meet Japan in football. And Congress, which scouts for West Point and Annapolis, was not constructive. In fact, several Congressmen were so incensed by the fact that they could not see over the heads of the Cadet Corps at Army-Navy games, from their free seats, that they contemplated a drive for shorter soldiers (or Compact Cannon Fodder) to enable them to get a look at the field and second-guess the quarterback in the style to which they were accustomed. With Pearl Harbor, this feeling disappeared. Army went out for football players, the bigger the better, and the rest is history.

It is hard to say just how good this Blanchard-Davis juggernaut was, or is. By the end of last season, Army's second in a row without defeat, there were some who held that it could beat the best of the professional teams. The pros politely kept their peace and minded their business. You could see that they felt otherwise. Several professional league coaches who had watched Army admitted, though, that they could not remember a better "college" team, if that is the correct description of the service team of today. I can think of only one man who declined to board the bandwagon and call Army the best in the country, outside of the pros. This was a man of sensational independence of spirit, Mr. Harold Harris, sports editor of the Knoxville, Tenn., *News-Sentinel*, who each week in the sports editors' national poll voted for Alabama as the top team. He had his reward in the end, too. Hearing of his patriotic devotion to the South, the Alabama team took him along to the Rose Bowl, on

the house, last New Year's Day.

The Army team of 1946 has lost some seasoned operatives in the line, particularly Tex Coulter, the mammoth tackle, who belied Mr. Pooley Hubert's cynical notions by flunking out of West Point. But it has the replacements, and it has its backfield back nearly intact. Blanchard has been likened to Bronko Nagurski, Jim Thorpe and Norman Standlee among the great line-crashers of all time; in 1946 this youthful football is just beginning to get his growth. Davis is one of the fastest and most elusive runners ever to wear football shoes.

Yet, as I say, there are sinister rumblings in the near distance. During the war Notre Dame lost face. They do not take their prestige lightly, in South Bend, as America's mother temple of football. In the war years they saw some of their own players—who may have been pushed a little—sign up with the service schools which Notre Dame took habitual pride in whipping. In November, 1944, with a crash that caught every seismograph in the country, the war notwithstanding, Notre Dame crumbled before Army by the historic score of 59 to 0. Last year was a little better, but not much—by way of sprinkling salt on those Irish lacerations—Army benched her first-string team now and then to "keep the score down". That may be a way to win friends in some circles, but not at Notre Dame. They feel they were insulted as well as beaten.

So this is not the perfect time to be speaking of Army as the best team ever put together. It may be so; but the premature prognosticator may also get his head sliced off at the neck some afternoon this autumn. In preparation, Notre Dame has herded inside one wall, its own wall, every football player in the country who was not nailed down by a previous commitment, and several who were. The national championship may well be decided by the result of the Army-Notre Dame game. If Blanchard, Davis & Associates come through it unscathed, they are everything that has been said about them.

RANK PULLING

A fighter plane was approaching Mitchell Field and responded to each call from the tower with the lilting response, "Roger-dodger." The pilot was obviously in fine fettle. The tower officer, tending to his knitting, called the fighter, "Army 321 from tower. Cut out that 'Roger-dodger' stuff. This is Major Blank, do you understand?"

Came the pilot's lilting response.

"Roger-dodger, you old codger, I'm a major too."

Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 14)

of a new home for his countrymen.

Like Boston, Philadelphia is part of the American heritage. To wander through its famous buildings and its streets is to bring alive the thrilling days of the establishment of the Republic. Its most historic spot is, of course, Independence Hall, a two-story brick building with white casement windows and graceful belfry from which the Liberty Bell rang on July 4, 1776, to proclaim the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. The Bell actually came to America 24 years earlier, and it was rung until 1835, when it cracked on July 8 as it tolled for the funeral of John Marshall of the Supreme Court.

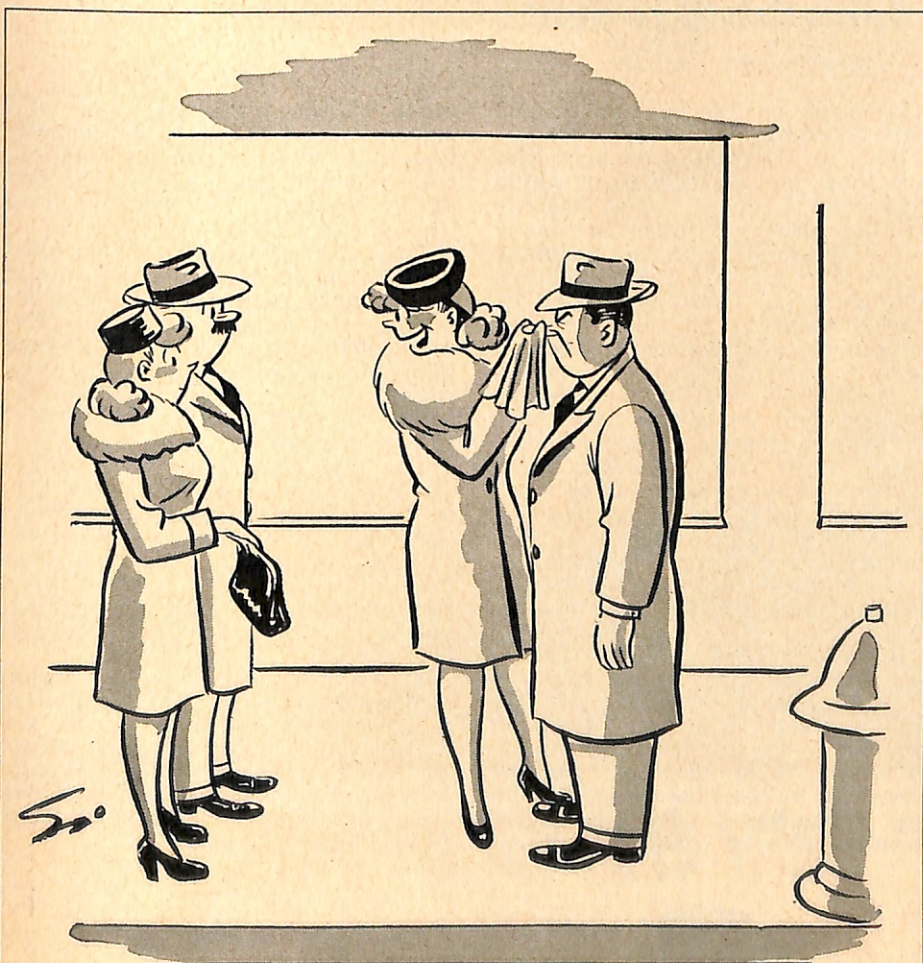
The Betsy Ross House was restored in 1937 and today a flag with 13 stars, such as Betsy herself made, flies from its third-story window. White-walled throughout, the building is furnished with Colonial furniture. One of its most interesting features is the children's playroom.

Philadelphia has commemorated its founder, William Penn, by placing his statue atop its City Hall. The Quaker faith which he brought to America has headquarters at the Arch Street Meeting, and it is from

Philadelphia that the Quakers carry on their fine relief work in Europe, India, China and other regions of the world.

Two of the most interesting sights in the city are Elfreth's Alley, a street of Colonial buildings, and the Franklin Institute. Elfreth's Alley contains two rows of three-story brick houses, occupied for more than 200 years. When I was there shortly after V-J Day last year, hundreds of tiny American flags were hung across the street and over doors, and banners welcomed Francis and Mickey and "the boys" home. The Alley is barely wide enough for an old-fashioned wagon; hitching posts stand before most the homes, and great iron hinges decorate the doors.

The Franklin Institute is the only museum I know in this country which really "works". Instead of ordinary displays it has scores of models and exhibits so constructed that they may be set in motion by visitors. In the basement excited small boys are allowed to operate a huge locomotive over a few feet of track; on another floor one pushes a button to see a wing lift an airplane, and in still other places one may start up displays which show fascinating



"He's so dependent on me."

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Only a few miles out of Philadelphia is Valley Forge, where Washington and his half-clothed army spent the bitter winter of 1777-78. Ruins of the forge and traces of the line of entrenchments are still visible, while one of Washington's bedrooms is reproduced in the Potts House, his headquarters.

To the west, in Chester, Berks and Lancaster counties, live the famed Pennsylvania Dutch. Manheim is a Mennonite town, with women dressed in black or white caps and men in "clergyman" attire. The Amish, in another section, use hooks and eyes on their clothing instead of buttons, for buttons might prove "a place for the devil to hang something on". The men wear broad, stiff-brimmed hats and cut their hair in a bang. The women may have dresses of bright colors, as long as figures are not used on them for decoration. Setting great store on human freedom, the members of this sect cultivate their farms without the aid of hired help. They do not believe in going into debt, taking photographs or having any but the plainest, most substantial furniture in their homes.

In this region the village of Fogelsville is noteworthy for its interestingly decorated barns, while Lancaster draws large numbers of Am-

ish to its central market house for their trading. A small guide I found most useful before the war was "Where to Dine in the Pennsylvania 'Dutch' Region", issued by A. Monroe Aurand, Jr., to give information not only on eating but also sights, antiques, rare books and gifts.

Not only the Revolution but also the Civil War has made Pennsylvania names famous. Gettysburg, for instance, has been a place of pilgrimage ever since Lincoln's dedication of its great cemetery with his Gettysburg Address. Here, against a backdrop of rolling country, a Union army of 80,000 met a Confederate force of 73,000 and in three summer days more than 50,000 soldiers lost their lives. The lines of the battle can still be followed, and military men from many nations have visited here to study its planning and its course. Both General Meade of the North and General Lee of the South are commemorated by statues, while over a thousand monuments, statues and markers memorialize the soldiers who fell in battle there.

Let us turn north to Harrisburg and the beautiful banks of the Susquehanna. The scenery along the river from Harrisburg to Sunbury is some of the finest in the State. Up the western branch of the Sus-

quehanna, the road takes us into the area of rugged mountains near Williamsport. Still farther north is Wellsboro and Pennsylvania's "Grand Canyon", more than 50 miles long and in some places a thousand feet deep. So winding is the canyon that only three miles of it may be seen from any one point. The first two weeks of October are particularly beautiful in this region.

West of Wellsboro, in Potter county, Ole Bull attempted in 1852 to found a new Norway. He purchased thousands of acres of land, built himself a large castle and brought about 800 of his fellow Norwegians to this section. Often at night he played his violin from the castle walls or along the banks of Kettle Creek. But the land had been sold to him fraudulently, and Bull was to spend five years and his concert earnings of that time fighting the confidence men who had cheated him. Many of the colonists moved on west and the region was left practically deserted, but today the memory of the great musician and his experiment is kept green at the Ole Bull State Park, near Oleana. There the Norwegian and the American flags fly side by side, and there autumn visitors will find yet another of the forest regions which make Pennsylvania magnificent for a vacation.

Something to Sell!

(Continued from page 11)

ings for the soldier include purchases generally somewhat below civilian store prices at post exchanges and commissaries; and sports, social and amusement facilities either free or at prices usually below civilian costs.

Over and beyond these economic inducements, the Regular Army today offers young men a series of truly remarkable educational benefits. Under present legislation, expiring October 6, 1946, the G.I. Bill of Rights provides that volunteers enlisting for three years may get a free education at any college, trade or business school for which he is qualified for admission. Up to \$500 per year is paid by the government for tuition and incidental expenses, plus a living allowance of \$65 monthly, if single, or \$90 if he has dependents.

While in service, the soldier may take correspondence courses in many subjects helpful to him in the Army and later in civil life. And at scores of Army schools the enlisted man may learn crafts that will qualify him for higher-pay specialist jobs. With the best of training facilities, under the competent instructors, the

man learns "on the job" and is paid while learning.

The list of training opportunities is a long one, ranging from watch repairman to cook, from mechanic to weather observer. There are many motor mechanic courses, including automotive, aircraft, Diesel and electric motors. Toxic gas handlers learn about chemicals, medical equipment maintenance technicians learn to service many instruments of medical science. In the communications field the Army trains men to operate telephone, teletype, telegraph, radio, television and radar systems. And there are many more, ranging from machine shop practice, tire re-building, maintenance of fuel induction and ignition systems, to airfield control tower operation, welding, map-making and photography.

All of these advantages of the new Regular Army—good pay, liberal retirement benefits, training, travel and education—can be brought to the attention of alert, intelligent young men of excellent character by the Elks Army Recruiting Committees. The Recruiting Service in every community stands

ready to cooperate with the local lodge and to help the Elks committeemen in supplying the information, materials and direct assistance necessary to launch the Elks program locally.

The Order of Elks, at its National Convention in New York in July, unanimously passed a resolution endorsing the Army's Voluntary Enlistment Program. A specific detailed plan of procedure in cooperation with local Recruiting Services has been drawn up, and has been sent to Elks Recruiting Committees.

The War Department greatly appreciates this extension of Elk support into the vital activities which confront the Army in peacetime. In aiding us, you are making a great contribution—toward peace, toward the progress of science and technology, and toward our goal of education for all.

I hope every Elks lodge has organized an Army Recruiting Committee to participate in this campaign for an all-volunteer Army. Your Regular Army serves the nation and mankind in peace as well as in war. We need your help to build and maintain it on a volunteer basis.

This stands for honorable.



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Tie on your bonnet...it's the World's Series!



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1903 First World's Series drew 100,429 people; Boston defeated Pittsburgh five games to three. Next year the winning manager in the National League nearly caused a baseball "war" by refusing to play "a minor league club"—Boston, American League pennant winner.



1945 Baseball's classic hit a high last year, Corby's 87th as a famed Canadian name, when 333,457 people saw seven World's Series games. But the 1905 hurling record of three shutout games by one pitcher in a five-game Series has yet to be broken.



1946 A sellout is expected for the 43rd World's Series. Individual batting records—ten hits in four games or four home runs in four games (1928 Series)—may be broken. So grab your bonnet or your hat—or line up your radio—for this blue-ribbon spectacle. And when evening comes, line up Corby's in your favorite drink. This light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name is a gala affair in itself.



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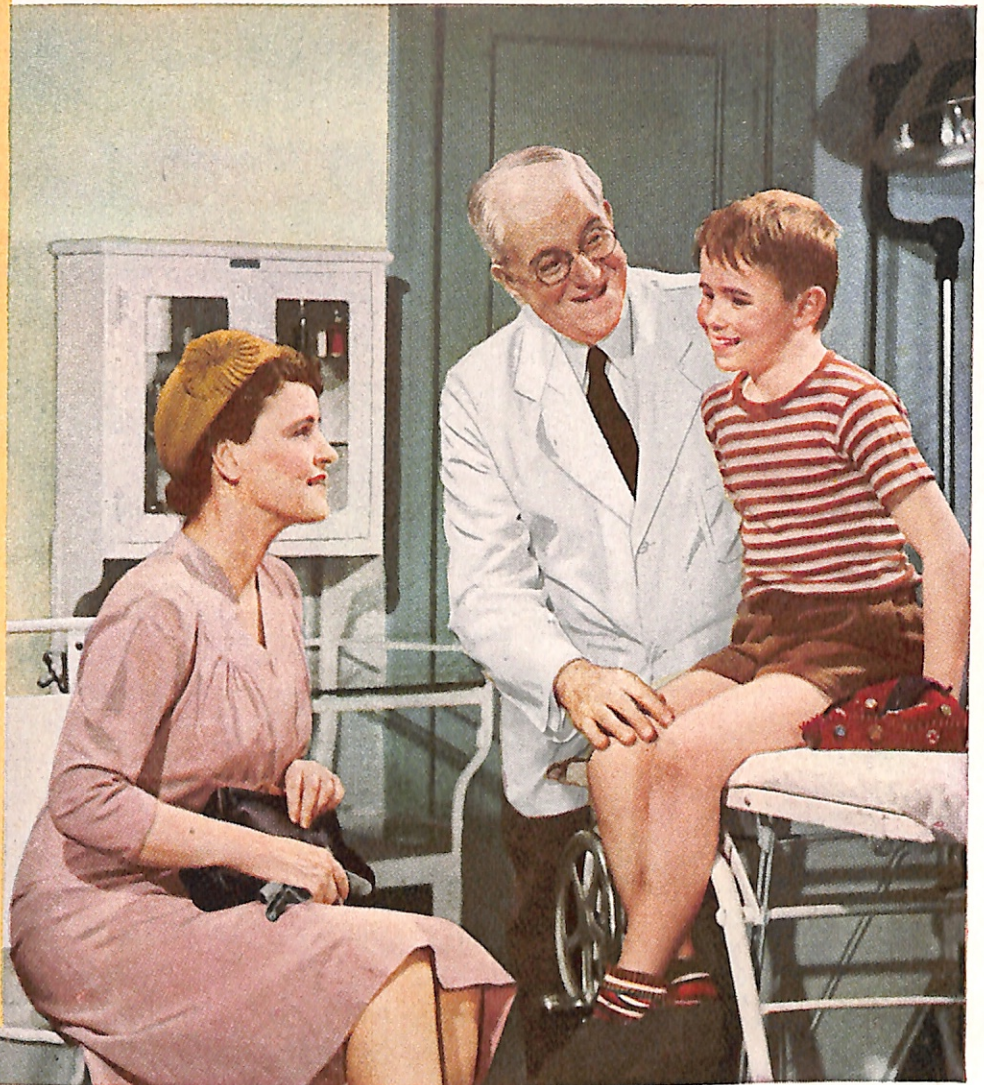
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